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MARRIAGE





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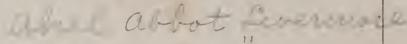
MARRIAGE OFFERING:

A

COMPILATION

OF

PROSE AND POETRY.



SEVENTH EDITION.

BOSTON:

WM. CROSBY AND H. P. NICHOLS,
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PREFACE.

THE object of this unpretending volume, compiled at some leisure hours from graver studies and duties, is to provide a suitable and welcome gift to place in the hands of those who have taken the most important step in social life. The editor, in common, he doubts not, with many of his brethren in the ministry, has often felt the need of some such little work, not too formidable to repel the unprofessional reader, nor too long and prosy to fail of attracting the attention of light-hearted and joyous youth. Not a few books, indeed, of a similar kind are already before the public; but the most of them dwell with an almost nauscating repetition upon the romance and ardor of the master passion, without a sufficient infu-

sion of well-principled and judicious advice, kind and timely caution, practical wisdom, and Christian views of the most vital of all man's earthly relations. Give the mighty enchanter his due; let roses and smiles — smiles hallowed with tears - wait upon the bridal hour. But when we follow in imagination the wedded pair to their new home, — it may be far from kindred and friends, — our purest wishes naturally lean to the useful as well as the romantic, and as ministers of Him who blessed the nuptial feast at Cana, or as Christian friends, we desire to give them in a permanent form the gathered sweetness of literature and sanctity of religion, the immortal words of genius and revelation, to sanction and endear, and crown with ever-during affection and blessedness, their united destiny. That this work fills any such void, it is not for the compiler to say. He must content himself with the attempt.

A. A. L.

KEENE, N. H., January 31, 1848.

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THE

MARRIAGE OFFERING.

MARRIAGE HYMN

When on her Maker's bosom
The new-born earth was laid,
And nature's opening blossom
Its fairest bloom displayed;
When all with fruits and flowers
The laughing soil was dressed,
And Eden's fragrant bowers
Received their human guest,—

No sin his face defiling,

The heir of nature stood,

And God, benignly smiling,

Beheld that all was good.

Yet in that hour of blessing

A single want was known,—

A wish the heart distressing,—

For Adam was alone.

O God of pure affection,
By men and saints adored,
O, give us thy protection
Around this nuptial board!
May thy rich bounties ever
To wedded love be shown,
And no rude hand dissever
Whom thou hast linked in one!

BISHOP HEBER.

ADVICE.

Books addressed to young married people abound with advice to the wife to control her temper, and never to utter wearisome complaints or vexatious words when the husband comes home fretful or unreasonable from his out-of-door conflicts with the world. Would not the advice be as excellent and appropriate, if the husband were advised to conquer his fretfulness, and forbear his complaints, in consideration of his wife's ill-health, fatiguing cares, and the thousand disheartening influences of domestic routine? In short, whatsoever can be named as loveliest, best, and most graceful in woman, would likewise be good and graceful in man. Mrs. L. M. CHILD.

DUTIES OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.

Let every one of you, in particular, so love his wife even as himself. So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself; for no man ever yet hated his own flesh.

Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it.

Ye husbands, dwell with your wives according to knowledge, giving honor unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life.

Rejoice with the wife of thy youth, and be thou satisfied always with her love; for she is thy companion and the wife of thy covenant.

Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord; for the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church.

Let the wife see that she reverence her husband.

Ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that if any obey not the word, they also may, without the word, be won by the conversation of the wives, while they behold your chaste conversation, coupled with fear.

For after this manner, in the old time, the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands; even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord, whose daughters ye are, as long as ye do well.

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.

A prudent wife is from the Lord. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; she will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

The Scriptures.

ADAM.

Yes! now I feel the charm divine,
Yes! now I feel the bliss, the pride,
To press thee, dearest! to my side,
And join my early vows to thine.
A unity, in love cemented,
Blest by thy presence, and by thee
Gilded with smiles and purity,
May make my exiled soul contented.
O sister, — daughter, — fairest bride, —
What shall I call thee? — Paradise
Has million flowers that smiling rise,
To kiss thy feet well satisfied.

EVE.

Love! one shall be our will, and one
Our fate, from the first dawn of day,
When the bright sun begins his way,
To when his weary course is done.
Peace, tenderness, and joy, — a shrine
Sacred to cheerful love, — and praise
To him, the Lord of ceaseless days,
Who blended thy fond heart with mine!

VONDEL.

PRAYER.

O Lord, we thy servants have now entered into a new relation to each other, the holy estate of matrimony. We humbly implore thy blessing upon us, that we may faithfully perform the vow and covenant betwixt us, and may for ever remain, as long as we live, in perfect love and peace together, always living according to thy holy law. Teach us, by thy good spirit, to bear with each other's infirmities, to love each other with a pure, fervent, and sincere affection, next in degree to that we owe thee. Grant us, if it please thee, health of body and soundness of mind, and enable us to promote the joy and to alleviate the sorrows of each other; to love our parents, relatives, and friends with increased affection; and finally, grant, O Holy Father, that this new and most intimate connection, by thy special blessing, may minister abundantly to our comfort and happiness here on earth, and, above all, serve the better to prepare us for a happy immortality in thy kingdom above. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. JUDGE SMITH.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

Not for the summer's hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join;

But for those stern and wintry days
Of sorrow, pain, and fear,
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make
Our earthly journey drear.

Not for this span of life alone,
Which like a blast doth fly,
And as the transient flowers of grass,
Just blossom, droop, and die;

But for a being without end,
This vow of love we take.
Grant us, O God, one home at last,
For thy great mercy's sake!
Mrs. Sigourney.

THE BLESSING OF THE AGED.

Pray make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy, or I should, ere this, have presented them in person. I shall make but small use of the old man's privilege, that of giving advice to younger friends. Treat your wife always with respect; it will procure respect to you, not only from her, but from all that observe it. Never use any slighting expression to her, even in jest; for slights in jest, after frequent bandyings, are apt to end in angry earnest. Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy. At least, you will, by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both! being ever your affectionate friend, B. FRANKLIN.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE.

When the father of mankind and his wife, the mother of the living, had left the lovely garden of Eden, they mourned for many days, and said to one another, — "How will our wandering be upon the earth, and who will guide us?"

After this, they came to the cherub with the flaming sword, who watched the garden of Eden, and Eve leaned upon her husband, and concealed herself behind him, as they approached the celestial guard.

But Adam beseechingly addressed the cherub:—"Ah! the inhabitants of heaven will no longer walk with us, as they have done; for we are unholy, because we have sinned. Therefore, pray to the Creator of the world, in our behalf, that he may send down one of the angels, his servants, who directs the stars in their sphere, to guide us in the right path."

And the serious cherub answered, — "Man has a star in himself, which will raise him,

though he has fallen, above the sun and the planets that move in heaven. Follow him!"

THEN Adam besought him again, and said,—
"O thoughtful servant of Jehovah, give us an image on which we may look, and which we may follow, so as not to lose our path again! For, once alienated from what is good, our eyes and ears are easily closed against the light and the voice within. Point out to us, then, an emblem of our wandering."

And the cherubic intelligence said to the man Adam,—"When the Eternal had formed you out of the dust, and in the beams of the morning light breathed into you the breath of life, you lifted your manly head towards heaven, and your first glance was directed to the sun. This is the emblem of your wandering. With a joyful countenance he commences his course, and begins the work of day. He goes neither to the right hand nor to the left. He wanders forth, scattering light and blessings. He laughs at the storm which rages under his feet, and comes out of enveloping clouds with a shining face, and in the splendor of his magnificence he finishes his fruitful, heroic course. Serious

man, this is the emblem of your earthly wandering."

Thus spake the cherub, and the son of dust bowed himself before him, and was speechless.

And the sweet mother of the living approached the heavenly messenger, blushing, and besought him with her enchanting voice,—"O, address to me, thou holy one, a word of comfort and instruction! How can a weak woman look at the high, bright star of day, and walk in his path?"

Thus Eve besought him, and the cherub pitied the tender woman, and said, with a smiling countenance, — "When the Infinitely Good formed you, and, in the brightness of sunset, breathed into your bosom the breath of life, you did not look towards heaven, but your eyes rested on the flowers and grass of Eden, and on the fragrant shrubs and the fruitful trees of the lovely valley, and the purling rivulet that flowed along. Thus your work is like the silent changes of the maternal earth. Without noise and dazzling splendor, she travels her peaceful path. Silently and imperceptibly she brings forth out of her fulness grass, plants, and trees,

brooks and rivulets; softly, and unobserved, she nourishes her children in her lap, and they grow into flowers and fruit, and her own productions are her ornament. Gentle woman, this is the emblem of your wandering on the earth. And your union," said the cherub, "man and wife, it is the sweet union of the celestial luminaries!"

Thus spake the cherub. And there arose a gentle whisper from the earth; and the spirit of the Lord was there, and gave testimony to the words of the cherub.

But Adam and his wife Eve fell on their faces, and prayed, and Eve trembled greatly, and wept.

KRUMMACHER'S PARABLES.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Domestic bliss,
That can, the world eluding, be itself
A world enjoyed,—that wants no witnesses
But its own sharers, and approving Heaven,—
That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,
Smiles, though 't is looking only at the sky.

Anonymous.

EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting:
Calm was their course, through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,

Till life's last pulse shall beat;

Like summer's beam and summer's stream

Float on, in joy, to meet

A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,—

A purer sky, where all is peace.

Brainard.

SAYINGS.

Many a marriage begins like the rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavour always to please one another; but at the same time keep God in your thoughts.

Lavish not all your love on to-day; for remember that marriage has its to-morrow likewise, and its day after to-morrow, too. Spare, as one may say, fuel for the winter.

Deceive not one another in small things or in great. One little, single lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life.

A small cause has often great consequences.

Fold not the hands together, and sit idle. "Laziness is the Devil's cushion." Do not run much from home. "One's own hearth is gold worth."

The married woman is her husband's do-

mestic faith; in her hands he must be able to confide house and family, be able to intrust to her the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating-room. His honor and his home are under her keeping; his well-being is in her hand. Think of this, O wife!

Young men, be faithful husbands and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you. Read the word of God industriously; that will conduct you through storm and calm, and safely bring you to the haven at last.

FREDERICA BREMER.

OF WHAT LOVE IS MADE.

It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
It is to be all made of faith and service;
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obeisance.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

Why do I weep to leave the vine
Whose clusters o'er me bend,—
The myrtle,—yet, O, call it mine!—
The flowers I loved to tend?
A thousand thoughts of all things dear
Like shadows o'er me sweep;
I leave my sunny childhood here,—
O, therefore, let me weep!

I leave thee, sister! we have played
Through many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hung dim o'er fount and bower.
Yes! thou and I, by stream, by shore,
In song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more;
Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee, father! eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gathered grapes and the lyre in tune,
Thy homeward steps to greet.
Thou, in whose voice, to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,—
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled,—
I leave thee!—let me weep!

Mother, I leave thee! On thy breast,
Pouring out joy and woe,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless, — yet I go!
Lips that have lulled me with your strain,
Eyes that have watched my sleep,
Will earth give love like yours again?
Sweet mother, let me weep!

Mrs. Hemans.

YOUTHFUL FANCIES.

So pencilled he, that youth, with raptured feeling, Yet serene,

The guileless fountain of his heart revealing,
That fair scene;—

And she, elate, delight in each blue eye,
Made sweet reply.

'T was hers to paint the dear domestic heaven
That she knew,—

The tranquil joys, from early morn till even,
Pure and true,—

The peace that seeks more oft the cottage gate
Than courtly state.

R. HOYT.

AN EXHORTATION.

In the words of St. Paul, I exhort you, who are a husband, to love your wife, even as you love yourself. Give honor to her, as the more delicate vessel; respect the delicacy of her frame and the delicacy of her mind. Continue through life the same attention, the same manly tenderness, which in youth gained her affections. Reflect, that, though her bodily charms are decayed as she is advanced in age, yet that her mental charms are increased; and that, though novelty is worn off, yet that habit and a thousand acts of kindness have strengthened your mutual friendship. Devote yourself to her; and, after the hours of business, let the pleasures which you most highly prize be found in her society.

I exhort you, who are a wife, to be gentle and condescending to your husband. Let the influence which you possess over him arise from the mildness of your manners and the discretion of your conduct. Whilst you are careful to adorn

your person with neat and clean apparel, — for no woman can long preserve affection, if she is negligent in this point, — be still more attentive in ornamenting your mind with meekness and peace, with cheerfulness and good-humor. Lighten the cares, and chase away the vexations, to which men in their commerce with the world are unavoidably exposed, by rendering his house pleasant to your husband. Keep at home; let your employments be domestic, and your pleasures domestic.

To both husband and wife I say, — Preserve a strict guard over your tongues, that you never utter any thing which is rude, contemptuous, or severe; and over your tempers, that you never appear sullen and morose. Endeavour to be perfect yourselves, but expect not too much from each other. If any offence arises, forgive it; and think not that a human being can be exempt from faults.

Dr. Freeman.

MATRIMONY.

THERE is an awe in mortals' joy;
A deep, mysterious fear
Half of the heart will still employ,
As if we drew too near
To Eden's portal, and those fires
That bicker round in wavy spires,
Forbidding, to our frail desires,
What cost us once so dear.

We cower before the heart-searching eye
In rapture, as in pain;
Even wedded Love, till Thou be nigh,
Dares not believe her gain:
Then in the air she fearless springs,
The breath of Heaven beneath her wings,
And leaves her wood-note wild, and sings
A tuned and measured strain.

Ill fare the lay, though soft as dew
And free as air it fall,
That, with thine altar full in view,
Thy votaries would inthrall
To a foul dream of heathen night,
Lifting her torch in Love's despite,
And scaring with base wildfire light
The sacred nuptial hall!

Far other strains, far other fires,
Our marriage offering grace;
Welcome all chaste and kind desires,
With even, matron pace
Approaching down the hallowed aisle!
Where should ye seek Love's perfect smile,
But where your prayers were learned erewhile,
In her own native place?

Where, but on His benignest brow
Who waits to bless you here?
Living, He owned no nuptial vow,
No bower to fancy dear;
Love's very self, — for Him no need
To nurse, on earth, the heavenly seed;
Yet comfort in His eye we read
For bridal joy and fear.

'T is He who clasps the marriage band,
And fits the spousal ring,
Then leaves ye kneeling, hand in hand,
Out of His stores to bring
His father's dearest blessing, shed
Of old on Isaac's nuptial bed,
Now on the board before ye spread
Of our all-bounteous King.

KEBLE.

MARRIAGE.

That marriage is a divine institution requires no argument to prove. Divine revelation and common sense combine to show, that, without it, the human race would become extinct, or so deteriorated that life would be no longer a blessing. To talk, then, of the trials, the evils, the hardships, attendant upon the married state, as being incidents which all might avoid, or all might expect who rashly venture their all on the great gambling-board of humanity, is as absurd as it would be to discuss the matter whether we should ever eat, because some, by so doing, have choked themselves; whether we should ever drink, because some have inadvertently, in allaying their thirst, swallowed poison, or, still more frequently, steeped their senses in the inebriating cup. Trials, cares, and afflictions are attendant on this probationary state. This life, though spread out before us with many charms, with much of comfort and happiness, is not to be a state of perfect, unalloyed enjoyment; else Christianity would not point to a better, even a heavenly. A due estimate of these things would irradiate many a dark spot in human existence, and gather from the clouds of adversity a salutary dew to nourish the plants of mortality,—a panacea to invigorate the spiritual nature, and bear it onward and upward to its destined heaven. Is there no means, then, by which to regulate our life, our situation in the social and domestic constitution of things, so as to put to silence gainsayers? There is. It is a religious, philosophical education.

Marriage, to be that divine institution which God has authorized, should be founded, not on the multitude of worldly motives which stand out as prominent objects to the unthinking world, not on that animal disposition which is in keeping with all lower orders of beings, but it should be a spiritual union, an intercourse of soul with soul; else our Divine Master would not have said,—"For this cause shall a man forsake father and mother, and cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one." If a tree be good, the fruit will be good also. Here, then, is the great point in which so many fail of attaining that degree of happiness which might be en-

joyed in this transitory state. They build on a sandy foundation; and when the floods of evil come, which are inseparable from human nature, their house falls, the whole fabric is swept away. We hear it said, that marriage is a lot-Why is it so? Because the parties, like Western-land speculators, venture their all on the ever-fluctuating current of public opinion, or vainly believe in the validity of unauthorized titles. How shall this evil be rectified? rightly teaching the young. Mothers must first estimate what is truly valuable, and then teach it to their children. Until a race shall grow up to appreciate the superiority of the intellectual and spiritual over the animal nature, there will be incongruous connections, founded on the love of wealth, or some other of the lower propensities of human nature, the result of which will be personal misfortunes, and the entailment of a host of evils which words cannot describe. Were these things duly estimated, no jarring elements would be abroad, turning the world upside down. Unhallowed motives would no more rule, to bring the weak in subjection to the strong. War and slavery would not exist within the social and domestic circle; concord and harmony would prevail. Unholy passions would not mar this glorious creation. Then, in the words of one of our poets,—

"Life's blessings all enjoyed, their labors done, Serenely to their rest have passed the aged."

For no premature deaths would come to break up the hallowed relations of life, until its declining sun should sink to rest with a mild, unclouded light.

MISS S. W. LIVERMORE.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

The only fountain, in the wilderness of life, where man drinks of water totally unmixed with bitter ingredients, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recess of domestic life. Pleasure may heat the heart with artificial excitement, ambition may delude it with golden dreams, war may eradicate its fine fibres and diminish its sensitiveness, but it is only domestic love that can render it truly happy.

Anonymous.

TO MRS. M. R. C. E.

on her marriage, december 6, 1832.

To guard the marriage ring,
Another ring I send;
Protector of that sacred thing,
About your finger let it cling,
And with its magic circle blend,
The image of your absent friend.

To guard the marriage vow,
Another vow must bind,—
To Him whose care and grace allow
The cheerful hopes that gladden now,
And in whose love the trusting mind
Its only deathless home can find.

That heavenly love shall be
The strength to this of earth;
Shall guard its truth and purity,
From change, decay, and sorrow free,
And pour upon your humble hearth
A light of pure, celestial birth.
Henry Ware, Jr.

"WHAT GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

THE SKELETON OF A SERMON.

This shows marriage to be the principal of all relations; for so soon as it is formed, it takes precedence even of the parental. Marriage is a union of love between one man and one woman, devoting themselves in strictest intimacy and with exclusive fidelity to perpetual mutual improvement.

Foundation of marriage. Love, i. e. interest in perfection; interest in each other's perfection.

Object. To preserve and promote their physical, moral, and religious perfection.

The object is evidently a permanent one. Hence the importance that the union should be formed with a view to the whole life of man, both that which now is and that which is to come.

Love an eternal principle. Hence all false, all merely temporal motives are wrong.

Parents are apt to have low motives upon the subject. They educate their daughters to be married, setting love aside. The poor have a great advantage. Saying among the French,

— "Ils aiment comme les pauvres."

Religion. "Alas for those who love, and cannot blend in prayer!" It is not agreement in opinion, but the existence of a devotional belief in the invisible, a tendency to the infinite, a respect for each other's religious freedom, which is necessary. Dangerous to undertake to reform a man by marriage.

Duties. Mutual respect, as partakers of the same moral nature. The likeness of God the object of respect. The same in husband and wife. "God created man in his own image, male and female created he them." Here the word man evidently implies both man and woman.

"Female mind" and "female heart" about as proper as "female conscience." The marriage state cannot change the principal ground of equal mutual respect; otherwise it would be a degrading, immoral connection.

Equality of the sexes. Equal moral obligations. The Saviour gave the true standard of moral purity in this relation. Shameful par-

tiality of the laws, and of the customs of society, and of philosophizing men of the world, upon this subject.

Provident industry a duty of equal obligation. Mutual obedience to each other's superior judgment. Perfect truth. Never laying up unsettled difficulties. No secrets from each other. Patient, hopeful, self-sacrificing devotion to each other's physical, intellectual, moral, and religious welfare. Danger of the daily and family little cares of household duties dimming the sense of the great object of married life.

Their final separation, at first sight, a source of unmixed suffering, and reunion, of perfect joy. Yet the prospect of separation is calculated to make the joy, which naturally attends a union of heart, perfect, by giving it a moral character; and, on the other hand, reunion can be looked forward to as a blessing only in connection with moral progress, without which it must turn into a source of pain.

The thought of separation is calculated to heighten our joy by spiritualizing our affections. Reunion must depend on the strength of present affection. It may be a source of pain or joy, according to our deserts.

One advances, the other remains behind. A

man may look upon the years he survives his friend as a means of rendering himself more worthy of a reunion. Preparation for separation is the same as preparation for reunion. The same effort necessary for both.

The union between Simon Marechal and his wife was a true union. They were condemned to death on account of their religious opinions. When they approached the flames which were to consume them both, she turned to her husband, and said to him,—"Dear husband, our marriage has hitherto been but an engagement. This is our true wedding-day, when, after this trifling torment, the Son of God will marry us for eternity."

Grounds of dissolution of marriage. The tendency to mutual improvement is the foundation, the tendency to mutual degradation is the destruction, of marriage. It is the moral destruction of it, whether the law keep it up by coercion or not. If the sinful tendency leaves room for hope, the separation should be temporary only; if there is no reasonable hope of amendment, it should be permanent. The two solemn and affecting thoughts, separation by death, and reunion in the life to come, form the painful expectation and the inspiring hope of

every human friendship, every bond of affection in this world.

C. Follen.

THE WORSHIP OF HOME.

Now rises from around the fire
A pleasant strain;
Ye giddy sons of mirth, retire,
And ye profane!
A hymn to the Eternal Sire
Goes up again.

The patriarchal Book divine,

Upon the knee,

Opes where the gems of Judah shine,

(Sweet minstrelsie!)

How soars each heart with each fair line,

O God, to Thee!

Around the altar low they bend,

Devout in prayer;

As snows upon the roof descend,

So angels there

Guard o'er that household, to defend

With gentle care.

R. Hoyt.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

"Look how they come! — a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid, days;
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as ye gaze."

BYRON.

SPEAR it not lightly! — 't is a holy thing,
A bond enduring through long distant years,
When joy o'er thine abode is hovering,
Or when thine eye is wet with bitterest tears;
Recorded by an angel's pen on high,
And must be questioned in eternity.

Speak it not lightly! — though the young and gay
Are thronging round thee now, with tones of mirth,
Let not the holy promise of to-day
Fade like the clouds that with the morn have birth;
But ever bright and sacred may it be,
Stored in the treasure-cell of memory.

Life will not prove all sunshine; there will come
Dark hours for all. O, will ye, when the night
Of sorrow gathers thickly round your home,
Love as ye did in times when calm and bright
Seemed the sure path ye trod, untouched by care,
And deemed the future, like the present, fair?

Eyes that now beam with health may yet grow dim,
And cheeks of rose forget their early glow;
Languor and pain assail each active limb,
And lay, perchance, some worshipped beauty low;
Then will ye gaze upon the altered brow,
And love as fondly, faithfully, as now?

Should fortune frown on your defenceless head,
Should storms o'ertake your bark, on life's dark sea,
Fierce tempests rend the sail so gayly spread
When Hope her syren strain sang joyously,—
Will ye look up, though clouds your sky o'ercast,
And say, Together we will bide the blast?

Age, with its silvery locks, comes stealing on,
And brings the tottering step, the furrowed cheek,
The eye from which each lustrous beam hath gone,
And the pale lip, with accents low and weak;
Will ye then think upon your life's gay prime,
And, smiling, bid Love triumph over Time?

Speak it not lightly! O, beware, beware!

'T is no vain promise, no unmeaning word;

Lo! men and angels lisp the faith ye swear,

And by the High and Holy One 't is heard:

O, then, kneel humbly at His altar now,

And pray for strength to keep your marriage vow!

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

MORSELS OF WISDOM.

The first blessing God gave to man was socity, and that society was marriage, and that marriage was confederate by God himself, and hallowed by a blessing.

Marriage is a school and exercise of virtue; and though marriage hath cares, yet the single life hath desires which are more troublesome and more dangerous, and often end in sin, while the cares are but instances of duty and exercises of piety; and therefore, if single life hath more privacy of devotion, yet marriage hath more necessities and more variety of it, and is an exercise of more graces. Here is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duty of parents and the charity of relatives; here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, and churches, and heaven itself.

They that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet

of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage.

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation: every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when, by age and consolidation, they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces.

Let man and wife be careful to stifle little

things, that, as fast as they spring, they be cut down and trod upon; for if they be suffered to grow by numbers, they make the spirit peevish, and the society troublesome, and the affections loose and easy by an habitual aversation.

Let the husband and wife infinitely avoid a curious distinction of mine and thine; for this hath caused all the laws, and all the suits, and all the wars in the world. Let them who have but one person have also but one interest.

For as the heart is set in the midst of the body, and though it strikes to one side by the prerogative of nature, yet those throbs and constant motions are felt on the other side also, and the influence is equal to both: so it is in conjugal duties, some motions are to the one side more than to the other; but the interest is on both, and the duty is equal in the several instances.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

DECEIVE not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the married state. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds. Remember the nightingales, which sing

only some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones.

Make account of certain cares and troubles which will attend thee.

It is the worst clandestine marriage when God is not invited to it.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

Dr. Fuller.

WEDDING GIFTS.

Young bride, a wreath for thee, Of sweet and gentle flowers! For wedded love was pure and free In Eden's happy bowers.

Young bride, a prayer for thee! That, all thy hopes possessing, Thy soul may praise her God, and he May crown thee with his blessing.

M. F. TUPPER.

THE MARRIAGE FESTIVAL.

"Festivities are fit for what is happily concluded; at the commencement, they but waste the force and zeal which should inspire us. Of all festivities, the marriage festival appears the most unsuitable; calinness, humility, and silent hope befit no ceremony more than this."—Goethe.

Lady, thy merry marriage bells are ringing,
And all around thee speaks of festal mirth;
The loss of one so good and fair is bringing,
Methinks, strange gladness to her father's hearth;
Yet thou amid the throng art pensive sitting,
And well I know these revels cloud thy bliss,
And that thou deem'st such triumph unbefitting
A solemn and important rite like this.

These flowery wreaths, these sounds of exultation,
Some victor's glorious deeds might celebrate;
But thou canst claim no proud congratulation,—
Untried, uncertain, is thy future fate;
Nor would true friends a brilliant spell cast o'er thee,
Giving to girlhood's dreams delusive scope,
But rather bid thee view the scene before thee
With calm humility and silent hope.

Thine is a path by snares and toils attended,
Yet, lady, in thy prudence I confide;
Thou art not by mere mortal aid befriended,—
Prayer is thy stay, and Providence thy guide:
And should thy coming years with ills be laden,
Thou safely mayst abide the storms of life,
If the meek virtues of the Christian maiden
Shine forth as brightly in the Christian wife.

Mrs. Abdy.

A JEWISH CUSTOM.

The Jews had a custom, at their wedding feasts, for the married couple to drink in the same glass together, and then to break it in pieces; teaching them, by that emblem, that, whatever felicity they expected together, their lives, upon which it all depended, were frail and brittle as glass. No sooner joined, but they were warned to prepare for separation. So, in our form of matrimony, the clause, "until death us do part," is a memento to the same purpose.

Grosvenor.

REASONS FOR MARRIAGE.

In Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy there are twelve reasons in favor of marriage, of which the first six are as follows:—

- 1 Hast thou means? Thou hast one to keep and increase it.
- 2. Hast none? Thou hast one to help to get it.
- 3. Art in prosperity? Thine happiness is doubled.
- 4. Art in adversity? She 'll comfort, assist, bear a part of thy burden, to make it more tolerable.
- 5. Art at home? She 'll drive away melancholy.
- 6. Art abroad? She looks after thee going from home, wishes for thee in thine absence, and joyfully welcomes thy return.

THE SACRED TIE.

How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!

To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and eleanse from sin!

Their streaming tears together flow For human guilt and mortal woe; Their ardent prayers together rise, Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Together both they seek the place Where God reveals his awful face; How high, how strong, their raptures swell, There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When Nature droops her siekening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,—
A heaven of joy, because of love!

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE WISDOM OF OLD.

Forego not a wise and good woman; for her grace is above gold.

Hast thou a wife after thy mind? Forsake her not.

Be not jealous over the wife of thy bosom, and teach her not an evil lesson against thyself.

In three things I was beautified, and stood up beautiful both before God and men; the unity of brethren, the love of neighbours, a man and a wife that agree together.

Well is him that dwelleth with a wife of understanding.

Blessed is the man that hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be double.

A virtuous woman rejoiceth her husband, and he shall fulfil the years of his life in peace.

A good wife is a good portion, which shall be given in the portion of them that fear the Lord.

The grace of a wife delighteth her husband, and her discretion will fatten his bones.

A silent and loving woman is a gift of the Lord; and there is nothing so much worth as a mind well instructed.

A shamefaced and faithful woman is a double grace, and her continent mind cannot be valued.

As the sun when it ariseth in the high heaven, so is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of her house.

Children and the building of a city continue a man's name; but a blameless wife is counted above them both.

The pipe and the psaltery make sweet melody; but a pleasant tongue is above them both.

A friend and companion never meet amiss; but above both is a wife with her husband.

Ecclesiasticus.

LOVE'S MINISTERS.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

COLERIDGE.

A MOTHER'S ENTREATY.

Deal gently, thou whose hand hath won
The young bird from its nest away,
Where, careless, 'neath a vernal sun,
She gayly carolled day by day;
The haunt is lone, the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar;
They pensive list, at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her; thou art dear
Beyond what vestal lips have told,
And, like a lamb from fountains clear,
She turns confiding to thy fold;
She round thy sweet domestic bower
The wreath of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at vesper-hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently thou, when, far away,
'Mid stranger scenes, her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender care decay,—
'The soul of woman lives in love;
And shouldst thou, wondering, mark a tear,
Unconscious, from her eyelids break,
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear
That man's strong heart may ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare,—
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care,—
And, by thy trust to be forgiven,
When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasured hopes of heaven,
Deal gently with the widow's child.

Mrs. Sigourney.

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.

A BISHOP, then, must be blameless, the husband of one wife.

Even so must their wives be grave, not slanderous; sober, faithful in all things.

Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife, ruling their children and their own houses well.

Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, forbidding to marry.

Marriage is honorable in all, and the bed undefiled.

Let them learn first to show piety at home.

St. Paul.

A CHAPTER FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS.

Walking, the other day, with a valuable friend, who had been confined a week or two by sickness to his room, he remarked that a husband might learn a good lesson by being occasionally confined to his house, by having in this way an opportunity of witnessing the cares and never-ending toils of his wife, whose burdens and duties and patient endurance he might never have otherwise understood. There is a great deal in this thought, perhaps enough for an "editorial." Men, especially young men, are called by their business during the day mostly away from home, returning only at the hours for meals; and as they can see nearly the same routine of duty, they begin to think that it is their own lot to perform all the drudgery, and to be exercised with all the weight of care and responsibility. But such a man has got a very wrong view of the case; he needs an opportunity for more extended observation, and it is

perhaps for this very reason that a kind Providence arrests him by sickness, that he may learn in pain what he would fail to observe in health. We have seen recently a good many things said in the papers to wives, especially to young wives, exposing their faults, perhaps magnifying them, and expounding to them, in none of the kindest terms, their duty and the offices pertaining to "woman's sphere." Now we believe that wives, as a whole, are really better than they are generally admitted to be. We doubt if there can be found a large number of wives who are disagreeable and negligent, without some palpable coldness or short-coming on the part of their husbands. So far as we have had an opportunity for observation, they are far more devoted and faithful than those who style themselves their lords, and who, by the customs of society, have other and generally more pleasant and varied duties to perform. We protest, then, against these lectures so often and so obtrusively addressed to the ladies, and insist upon it that they must — most of them — have been written by some fusty old bachelor who knew no better, or by some inconsiderate husbands who deserve to have been old bachelors to the end of their lives. But is there nothing to be said on the other side? Are husbands so generally the perfect, amiable, injured beings they are so often represented? Men sometimes declare that their wives' extravagance has picked their pockets, and that their never-ceasing tongues have robbed them of their peace, and their general disagreeableness has driven them to the tavern and gaming-table; but this is generally the wicked excuse for a most wicked life on their own part. The fact is, men often lose their interest in their homes by their neglect to make their homes interesting and pleasant. It should never be forgotten that the wife has her rights, — as sacred after marriage as before, — and a good husband's devotion to the wife after marriage will concede to her quite as much attention as his gallantry did while a lover. If it is otherwise, he most generally is at fault.

Take a few examples. Before marriage, a young man would feel some delicacy about accepting an invitation to spend an evening in company where his "ladye love" had not been invited. After marriage, is he always as particular? During the days of courtship, his gallantry would demand that he should make himself agreeable to her; after marriage, it often happens that he thinks more of being agreeable to

himself. How often it happens, that a married man, after having been away from home the livelong day, during which the wife has toiled at her duties, goes at evening again to some place of amusement, and leaves her to toil on alone, uncheered and unhappy! How often it happens that her kindest offices pass unobserved, and unrewarded even by a smile, and her best efforts are condemned by the fault-finding husband! How often it happens, even when the evening is spent at home, that it is employed in silent reading, or some other way, that does not recognize the wife's right to share in the enjoyments even of the fireside!

Look, ye husbands, for a moment, and remember what your wife was when you took her, not from compulsion, but from your own choice; a choice based, probably, on what you then considered her superiority to all others. She was young,—perhaps the idol of her happy home; she was gay and blithe as the lark, and the brothers and sisters at her father's fireside cherished her as an object of endearment. Yet she left all to join her destiny with yours, to make your home happy, and to do all that woman's ingenuity could devise to meet your wishes and to lighten the burdens which might press upon

you in your pilgrimage. She, of course, had her expectations too. She could not entertain feelings which promised so much, without forming some idea of reciprocation on your part, and she did expect you would, after marriage, perform those kind offices of which you were so lavish in the days of betrothment. She became your wife, - left her own home for yours, burst asunder, as it were, the bands of love which had bound her to her father's fireside, and sought no other boon than your affections, - left, it may be, the ease and delicacy of a home of indulgence; and now, what must be her feelings, if she gradually awakes to the consciousness that you love her less than before, that your evenings are spent abroad, - that you only come home at all to satisfy the demands of your hunger, and to find a resting-place for your head when weary, or a nurse for your sick-chamber when diseased?

Why did she leave the bright hearth of her youthful days? Why did you ask her to give up the enjoyments of her happy home? Was it simply to conduce to your own comfort? Or was there some understanding that she was to be made happy in her connection with the man she dared to love?

Nor is it a sufficient answer, that you give her a home, — that you feed and clothe her. You do this for your help; you would do it for any indifferent housekeeper. She is your wife, and unless you attend to her wants, and in some way answer the reasonable expectations you raised by your attentions before marriage, you need not wonder if she be dejected, and her heart sink into insensibility; but if this be so, think well who is the cause of it. We repeat it, very few women make indifferent wives, whose feelings have not met with some outward shock by the indifference or thoughtlessness of their husbands. It is our candid opinion, that, in a large majority of the instances of domestic misery, the man is the aggressor.

PHILADELPHIA CHRONICLE.

THE POWER OF VIRTUOUS LOVE.

To one upon the threshold of the world, Whose opening way to life is thronged with forms That lie in wait to threaten and seduce, There is a worth untold in virtuous love. 'T is as a talisman of power; unhurt It bears him on, through snares of crafty vice And long array of pleasure's subtle host, Baffling with potent charm their wily arts, That lose their power to touch him. Thoughts impure, Low aims, and selfish passions shrink away. It keeps him chaste, — makes all his purposes Companions of a virtuous lope, —beats down The harmful empire of the present hour, Pointing his thought to some sweet future home, Henceforth his central purpose, which imparts Fresh vigor to his enterprise, to hand And mind gives nerve, to pleasure turns all toil, Makes honor doubly dear, all that is bad In young ambition purifies, and lifts High above selfishness the darling plan Which forms his ruling passion. For he toils No more alone, nor only for himself. The honor, peace, yea, life, - and, more than all, The good opinion of a purer mind, -

A second, better conscience, whose reproof
Stings deeper, whose approval gives more joy
Than his own breast,—are all at stake in him;
And for her sake, in whom are hoarded up
The dearest treasures of his life on earth,
He keeps an uncontaminated heart,
And scorns the base seductiveness of sin.

O holy power of pure, devoted love! And O thou holy, sacred name of home! Prime bliss of earth! Behind us and before. Our guiding star, our refuge! When we plunge, Loose from the safeguard of a father's roof, On life's uncertain flood exposed and driven, 'T is the mild memory of thy sacred days That keeps the young man pure. A father's eye, A mother's smile, a sister's gentle love, The table, and the altar, and the hearth, In reverend image, keep their early hold Upon his heart, and crowd out guilt and shame. Then, too, the hope, that in some after day These consecrated ties shall be renewed In him, the founder of another house, And wife and children - earth's so precious names -Be gathered round the hearth, where he himself Shall be the father, - O, this glowing hope, With memory coworking, lightens toil, And renders impotent the plots of earth To warp him from his innocence and faith!

HENRY WARE, JR.

THE CONJUGAL RELATION.

Have you taken upon yourselves the conjugal relation? Your high and solemn duty is to make each other as happy as it is in your power. The husband should have, as his great object and rule of conduct, the happiness of the wife. Of that happiness, the confidence in his affection is the chief element; and the proofs of this affection on his part, therefore, constitute his chief duty, — an affection that is not lavish of caresses only, as if these were the only demonstrations of love, but of that respect which distinguishes love, as a principle, from that brief passion which assumes, and only assumes, the name, — a respect which consults the judgment, as well as the wishes, of the object beloved, which considers her who is worthy of being taken to the heart as worthy of being admitted to all the counsels of the heart. If there are any delights of which he feels the value as essential to his own happiness, — if his soul be

sensible to the charms of literary excellence, and if he considers the improvement of his own understanding, and the cultivation of his own taste, as a duty, and one of the most delightful duties of an intellectual being, - he will not consider it as a duty or a delight that belongs only to man, but will feel it more delightful, as there is now another soul that may share with him all the pleasure of the progress. To love the happiness of her whose happiness is in his affection is of course to be conjugally faithful; but it is more than to be merely faithful; it is not to allow room even for a doubt as to that fidelity, at least for such a doubt as a reasonable mind might form. It is truly to love her best, but it is also to show that love which is truly felt.

As the happiness of the wife is the rule of conjugal duty to the husband, the happiness of the husband is in like manner the rule of conjugal duty to the wife. There is no human being whose affection is to be to her like his affection, as there is no happiness which is to be to her like the happiness which he enjoys. All that I have said of the moral obligation of the husband, then, is not less applicable to her duty; but, though the gentle duties belong to both, it

is to her province that they more especially belong, because she is at once best fitted by nature for the ministry of tender courtesies, and best exercised in the offices that inspire them. While man is occupied in other cares during the business of the day, the business of her day is but the continued discharge of many duties, that have a direct relation to wedlock, in the common household which it has formed. He must often forget her, or be useless to the world; she is most useful to the world by remembering him. From the tumultuous scenes which agitate many of his hours, he returns to the calm scene, where peace awaits him, and happiness is sure to await him; because she is there waiting, whose smile is peace, and whose very presence is more than happiness to his heart.

If there is a place on earth to which vice has no entrance, — where the gloomy passions have no empire, — where pleasure and innocence live constantly together, — where cares and labors are delightful, — where every pain is forgotten in reciprocal tenderness, — where there is an equal enjoyment of the past, the present, and the future, — it is the house of a wedded pair, but of a pair who, in wedlock, are lovers still.

C. Brooks.

SHADOWS.

The bridal veil hangs o'er her brow,

The ring of gold is on her finger,

Her lips have breathed the marriage vow,—

Why should she at the altar linger?

Why wears her gentle brow a shade?
Why dim her eye, when doubt is over?
Why does her slender form for aid
Lean tremblingly upon her lover?

Is it a feeling of regret

For solemn vows so lately spoken?

Is it a fear, scarce owned as yet,

That her new ties may soon be broken?

O, no! such causes darken not
The cloud that 's swiftly passing o'er her;
Hers is a fair and happy lot,
And bright the path that lies before her.

Her heart has long been freely given
To him who, now her hand possessing,
Through patient years has fondly striven
To merit well the precious blessing.

It is the thought of untried years,

That, to her spirit strongly clinging,
Is dimming her blue eyes with tears,

And o'er her face a shade is flinging.

It is the thought of duties now,
Of wishes that may prove deceiving,
Of all she hopes, yet fears, to do,
Of all she loves, and all she 's leaving.

It is the thought of by-gone days,—
Of them, the fond, the gentle-hearted,
Who meet not now her tearful gaze,—
The dear, the absent, the departed.

O, who can marvel that the bride
Should leave the sacred altar weeping?
Or who would seek those tears to chide,
That fresh and green her heart are keeping?

Not he who, with a lover's care

And husband's pride, is fondly guiding

Her trembling steps; for he can share

The gentle thoughts that need no hiding.

Soon, love for him those tears will chase,
And smiles relight her eye with gladness;
And none will blame, who truly trace
To its pure source her transient sadness.

Bridal Wreath.

HOME JOYS.

Sweet are the joys of home,
And pure as sweet; for they
Like dews of morn and evening come,
To wake and close the day.

The world hath its delights,
And its delusions too;
But home to calmer bliss invites,
More tranquil and more true.

The mountain flood is strong,
But fearful in its pride;
While gently rolls the stream along
The peaceful valley's side.

Life's charities, like light,
Spread smilingly afar;
But stars, approached, become more bright,
And home is life's own star.

The pilgrim's step in vain
Seeks Eden's sacred ground;
But in home's holy joys again
An Eden may be found.

A glance of heaven to see
To none on earth is given;
And yet a happy family
Is but an earlier heaven.

BOWRING.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections, which spread beyond ourselves, and stretch far into futurity,— the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy, - the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy, - the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth, - the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth, woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire, — these are all poetical. CHANNING.

EXCERPTS.

Since God has created woman such as to require of necessity to be near man, let us ask no more; God is on our side. So, let us honor marriage, as an honorable and divine institution. This mode of life is the first which it pleased God to ordain,—is that which he has constantly maintained,—is the last which he will glorify over every other. Where were kingdoms and empires when Adam and the patriarchs lived in marriage? Out of what other kind of life do all states proceed?

No one will ever have to repent rising early and marrying young.

My hostess of Eisenach said well, when I was a student there,—"There is no sweeter pleasure upon earth than to be loved by a woman."

Ah, how my heart sighed after mine own, when I lay sick to death at Smalkalde! I thought that I should never more see my wife

or little ones; and how agonizing was the thought! Great is the force of the social tie which knits man and wife together.

Woman is the most precious of all gifts; she is full of charms and virtues; she is the guardian of the faith.

Our first love is violent; it intoxicates us, and deprives us of reason. The madness passed away, the good retain a sober love, the ungodly none.

My gracious Lord, if it be thy holy will that I live without a wife, sustain me against temptations; if otherwise, grant me a good and pious maiden, with whom I may pass my life sweetly and calmly, whom I may love, and of whom I may be loved in return!

LUTHER.

BRIDAL WISHES.

Sweet be her dreams, the fair, the young!
Grace, beauty, breathe upon her!
Music, haunt thou about her tongue!
Life, fill her path with honor!

All golden thoughts, all wealth of days,
Truth, Friendship, Love, surround her!
So may she smile till life be closed,
And angel bands have crowned her!
BARRY CORNWALL.

LOVE IN MARRIAGE.

Love in marriage cannot live nor subsist, unless it be mutual; and where love cannot be, there can be left of wedlock nothing but the empty husk of an outside matrimony, as undelightful and unpleasing to God as any other kind of hypocrisy.

MILTON.

THE MARRIAGE OF CANA.

"There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there. And both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage."—John ii. 1, 2.

ī.

They stand amid their earnest friends, joyful, yet awed and still,

As priestly hands the rite of old by God ordained fulfil; The few and simple words they breathe, though scarce they meet the ear,

Pledge heart to heart, and life to life, through many a coming year.

II.

As meet their hands, with tender grasp, each heart renounces there

Whatever thought of earthly bliss the other may not share.

Henceforth together do they pass, in joy and sorrow one,

Nor that mysterious union ends, till life itself be done.

III.

And now, with blushes and with smiles, the young bride meets her friends;

With voice of trembling earnestness, a father o'er her bends,

A sister's tear is on her cheek, a mother's heart o'er-flows,

As hope and fear their visions to her anxious eyes disclose.

IV.

That trusting one, whose deepest love is yielded to his claim,

Who now, by smiling friends addressed, first hears her matron name,—

To her he vows himself anew, before that secret shrine, Where conscience to the heart reveals the majesty divine.

V.

Blest Saviour! though no bridal wreath entwined thy awful brow,

Not void of sympathy for aught of blameless joy wast thou;

And, walking in thy Gospel's light, thy true disciples prove

The purity of wedded bliss, the holiness of love.

S. G. BULFINCH.

OUR SOULS ARE UNITED.

Where'er thou goest, I will go;
Where'er thou diest, die;
Together in one humble grave
Our senseles dust shall lie.

And I will love thy chosen friends,—
Thy people shall be mine;
And we will kneel to praise one God
Before one common shrine.

Our souls,— ah! what shall part our souls?
In ties of love entwined,
They will defy the spells and chains
That even death can bind.

Anonymous.

THE CHRISTIAN IDEA OF MARRIAGE.

The duties of those who assume the marriage relation are various and important, not simply in reference to their own characters, but also to the welfare of their families and the community at large. They are duties, too, like all others, that need sometimes to be brought anew to our memories and consciences, lest they may be neglected. They are duties which human beings voluntarily take upon themselves, and which, therefore, to be consistent, ought to be the last in which they prove unfaithful.

The conception of these duties is due to Christianity. The spirit which should actuate their performance is set forth in Apostolic words. Said Paul,—"Let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband." While Peter said,—"Likewise, ye husbands, dwell with them according to knowledge, giv-

ing honor unto the wife." The impressive truth evidently intended to be conveyed by these and similar passages in the New Testament is, that the marriage connection should be dignified and secured by moral sentiments, love, respect, honor, and mutual conciliation. There can be no true love without reverence, and proper respect cannot long exist without affection. They are two poles of the same globe. In lands unenlightened by Christianity, the tie is bound by force, or welded by the flame of mere natural passion, exclusive of an intelligent principle or a self-forgetting attachment. But the Gospel comes to the newly married couple, and says to them, This is a holy relation; it is an ordinance of God and a rite of Christianity; it rests not alone on the basis of fancy or caprice or animal desire, but strikes its roots down deeply into the recesses of the spiritual nature, and appeals to what is holiest and most reverential in man. No point of contrast is more striking between the Gospel and other systems of religion than the one now indicated. Our Lord told the Jews, that, on account of the hardness of their hearts, Moses allowed them great latitude in reference to divorces. Mahometanism permits polygamy, and paganism does the same, or even worse. But under the pure reign of Christ, a higher value is attached to every human being, and a dignity is thrown around every person, of either sex; and all ties of relation, whether of kindred or affection, are viewed, not merely in an earthly, but in a heavenly light.

From this general ground, on which Christian marriage is established, the writings of the Apostles descend to some particulars of great value. The husband is not to be bitter against his wife, but love her, — a caution not useless, where human feelings are so prone to be violent or fickle; where the rude contacts of the world are so liable to beget a coarseness of speech and behaviour, ill comporting with the delicacy of home; where ignorance of trials and duties unlike his own may lead to hastiness of temper and sharpness of words, which none would afterwards, in cooler moments, more poignantly regret than himself. He is not to play the domestic tyrant, because he is gifted by God with greater physical strength, nor pursue a harsh and unfeeling course towards one through whose heart a cutting word or angry look may pierce as the dividing of a sword. Wisely, therefore, were tender love and sympathy urged upon him who is so liable, by a less delicate organization and the rough collisions of society, to acquire a somewhat rude demeanour, and an impenetrable coat of mail over the heart.

On the other side, with equal wisdom, the Apostle reminds the wife to reverence her husband. The affections, warm and kindly, are not to degenerate into mere fondness, but are to possess the substantial stamina of respect, to give them due consistency and durability. There was less danger that there would be lack of sentiment; there was more, that the respect with which every human being, however endeared, should be invested, and in which he should be ennobled to our minds, might melt away into a doting sensibility.

Gentleness for the strong, and strength for the gentle; sentiment in the man, and principle in the woman; mutual checks and balances; and over both the equal Christian duties, hopes, and promises;—this is the light in which the Saviour and his Apostles presented the wedded pair, and pronounced on them with miracle and exhortation their heavenly blessing.

A. A. LIVERMORE.

LOVE IS NOT A GARDEN FLOWER.

An! Love is not a garden flower,

That shoots from out the cultured earth,—
That needs the sunbeam and the shower

Before it wakens into birth;
It owns a richer soil and seed,

And woman's heart supplies them both,

Where it will spring without a weed,

Consummate in its growth.

These leaves will perish when away
From either genial sun or shower;
Not so will wither and decay
Celestial Love's perennial flower.
'T is our companion countless miles,
Through weal or woe, in after years;
And though it flourishes in smiles,
It blooms as fresh in tears.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

SCRAPS.

Show me one couple unhappy merely on account of their limited circumstances, and I will show you ten who are wretched from other causes.

You may depend upon it, that a slight contrast of character is very material to happiness in marriage.

Sympathy constitutes friendship; but in love there is a sort of antipathy, or opposing passion. Each strives to be the other, and both together make up one whole.

Luther has sketched the most beautiful picture of the nature, and ends, and duties of the wedded life I ever read. St. Paul says it is a great symbol, not mystery, as we translate it.

COLERDGE.

A HOME IN THE HEART.

O, ASK not a home in the mansions of pride,
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls!
Though the roof be of gold, it is brilliantly cold,
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.
But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
Where love, once awakened, will never depart;
Turn, turn to that breast, like the dove to its nest,
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

O, link but one spirit that 's warmly sincere,
That will heighten your pleasure, and solace your
care,—

Find a soul you may trust, as the kind and the just,

And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare!

Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot,

The cheek-searing tear-drops of sorrow may start,

But a star never dim sheds a halo for him

Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

ELIZA COOK.

THE GOOD WIFE.

The parental home is intended to be the school of woman's education, not her permanent abode. As the instinct which teaches the birds of passage the time of their migration suddenly impels them to mount to untried regions of the atmosphere, and seek, through cloud and tempest, a land they have never seen, so a like inspiration teaches woman that there is another home for her, destined by the Great Designer, of still greater happiness than that which she has already known, and under the same apparent destiny. One appears to lead her to that happy place. Marriage comes as the great crisis of woman's existence. And where, if you search earth through, will you find an object which the eye bends on with such intense, I had almost said painful, interest as a bride? What an era, when considered with reference either to the past or the future! It

is in a manner the crush of one world, and the beginning of a new one. She is to go from a home that she has known and loved, where she has been loved and cherished, to one to which she is an utter stranger. Her happiness is to be subjected to those on whose characters, tempers, principles, she can make no calculation. And what is to assure her of the faith of him who has sworn at the altar to cherish and protect her? She may, in the blindness of affection, have given her heart to one who will wring and break it; and she may be going to martyrdom, where pride and prudence will alike deny her the poor solace of complaint. Yet she is willing to venture all. The law instituted by the Creator is upon her, and urges her forward. With calm confidence she puts herself under the protection of that almighty principle, which, issuing from the throne of God, penetrates and pervades all things, and then returns to link itself to the throne of his omnipotence, — the principle of Love, - and she is safe. Perhaps, if she knew what life has in store for her, she would for a moment shrink back. The marriage festivity would not be without its fears. And for myself, so many whom I have united for life have I seen soon overtaken by calamity,

—hoping parents bending in speechless agony over the loved and the lost, or watching with breathless apprehension the fearful changes of extreme disease, - that to me there is ever an undertone of sadness in the wedding's mirth; and when that bright being approaches, upon whom every eye centres, and for whom every heart palpitates, I can almost fancy her bridal attire transformed to mourning, and her blushes changed to tears. But a second thought convinces me that such anticipations are treason to God and man. Marriage is the ordinance of God, and let not man gainsay it. It is indeed the commencement of struggles and toils. But for what else is man made, or woman either? Those toils and struggles shall be lighter, when mutual affection animates the effort. Troubles will come, but they come to all; and who shall better sustain them than those to whom mutual affection gives mutual support?

We now see woman in that sphere for which she was originally intended, and which she is so exactly fitted to adorn and bless, as the wife, the mistress of a home, the solace, the aid, and the counsellor of that one, for whose sake alone the world is of any consequence to her. If life be increased in cares, so is it also en-

riched by new satisfactions. She herself, if she be inspired by just sentiments and true affection, perceives that she has attained her true position. Delivered from that tastelessness, which sooner or later creeps over a single life, every power and faculty is called into energetic exercise, and she feels the current of existence to flow in a richer, deeper stream. We are all made for action and enterprise. Existence, though surfeited with luxury and abundance, is insipid without it. The affections, which God has ordained to spring in the bosoms of those whom he has destined to pass through life together, are no deceivers. They are not intended to betray the sexes into a state of misery. The wife does not bid adieu to happiness, though she leaves a magnificent mansion to take up her abode under a humbler roof. Youth, health, employment, affection, hope, are more than a compensation for all. The privations of commencing life in narrow circumstances are borne with cheerfulness and alacrity. If there be on both sides good sense and generous feeling, as well as true affection, nothing will seem hard, and they will experience a happiness unknown to those who shut up or disappoint their affections from false pride, or from dread of losing

caste by beginning life precisely as their fathers and mothers did before them.

The good wife! How much of this world's happiness and prosperity is contained in the compass of these two short words! Her influence is immense. The power of a wife, for good or for evil, is altogether irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be for ever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom and courage and strength and hope and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, despair. No condition is hopeless when the wife possesses firmness, decision, energy, economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, folly, and extravagance at home. No spirit can long resist bad domestic influences. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind and a whole heart. He expends his whole moral force in the conflicts of the world. His feelings are daily lacerated to the utmost point of endurance by perpetual collision, irritation, and disappointment. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, of comfort; and his soul renews its

strength, and again goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labors and troubles of the world. But if at home he find no rest, and there is met by a bad temper, sullenness, or gloom, or is assailed by discontent, complaint, and reproaches, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into total despair.

Let woman know, then, that she ministers at the very fountain of life and happiness. It is her hand that lades out with overflowing cup its soul-refreshing waters, or casts in the branch of bitterness which makes them poison and death. Her ardent spirit breathes the breath of life into all enterprise. Her patience and constancy are mainly instrumental in carrying forward to completion the best human designs. Her more delicate moral sensibility is the unseen power which is ever at work to purify and refine society. And the nearest glimpse of heaven that mortals ever get on earth is that domestic circle which her hands have trained to intelligence, virtue, and love, which her gentle influence pervades, and of which her radiant presence is the centre and the sun.

GEORGE W. BURNAP.

FROM MY FATE THERE 'S NO RETREATING.

From my fate there 's no retreating;
Love commands, and I obey;
How with joy my heart is beating
At the fortunes of to-day!
Life is filled with strange romances,
Love is blind, the poets say;
When he comes unsought, the chance is
Of his own accord he 'll stay.

Love can ne'er be forced to tarry;
Chain him, — he 'll the bonds remove;
Paired, not matched, too many marry, —
All should wed alone for love.
Let him, on the bridal even,
Trim his lamp with constant ray;
And the flame will light to heaven
When the world shall fade away.

George P. Morris.

MAKE HOME HAPPY.

It is a duty devolving upon every member of a family to endeavour to make all belonging to it happy. This may, with a very little pleasant exertion, be done. Let every one contribute something towards improving the grounds belonging to their house. If the house is old and uncomfortable, let each exert himself to render it better and more pleasant. If it is good and pleasant, let each strive still farther to adorn it. Let flowering shrubs and trees be planted, and vines and woodbines be trailed around the windows and doors; add interesting volumes to the family library; take a good paper; purchase little articles of furniture to replace those which are fast wearing out; wait upon and anticipate the wants of each; and ever have a pleasant smile for all and each.

Make home happy. Parents ought to teach this lesson in the nursery and by the fireside, and give it the weight of their precept and example. If they should, ours would be a happier and a more virtuous country. Drunkenness, profanity, and other disgusting vices would die away; they could not live in the influence of a lovely and refined home.

Does any one think, -" I am poor, and have to work hard to get enough to sustain life, and cannot find time to spend in making our old house more attractive"? Think again. Is there not some time every day which you spend in idleness, or smoking, or mere listlessness, which might be spent about your homes? "Flowers are God's smiles," said Wilberforce; and they are as beautiful beside the cottage as the palace, and may be enjoyed by the inhabitants of the one as well as the other. There are few homes which might not be made more beautiful and attractive. Let all study to make their residence so pleasant, that the hearts of the absent ones shall go back to it as the dove did to the ark of Noah.

"The pilgrim's step in vain
Seeks Eden's sacred ground;
But in home's holy joys again
An Eden may be found."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A LITTLE WORD.

A LITTLE word in kindness spoken,
A motion, or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that 's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word — a look — has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thought you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

Anonymous.

PEACE AND KINDNESS.

"LIVE peaceably," says the Apostle, "with all men." Peace at home is one of the choicest blessings of life, and one of the best methods of insuring peace outwardly to the whole circumference of society and the world. The brawls of the fireside are some of the worst wars that are waged. They stab the breast in the tenderest spot. Where we looked for quiet, behold tumult; where we expected rest, lo vexation of spirit. To learn to bear and forbear, —to give generously and yield gracefully, to prefer to lose the argument rather than the temper, — to be willing to suffer a great wrong rather than do the least wrong, - to give way to the unfortunate temper of others rather than to gain a point at the cost of a war of words, — a few such plain habits would prevent a world of trouble, and spread joy and happiness through scenes where every blessing may be poisoned by the corrosion of embittered feelings. How beautiful on this earth is a family dwelling in peace and affection! It seems too fair an Eden to last. But such abodes have been; such are now in existence. May the world be filled with affectionate homes!

Kindness, indeed, cannot stand alone, nor support the whole fabric of the character with its single column; as what virtue can? Do not the whole sisterhood rise or fall together? It is perhaps a little thing, - the kind word, - the kind look, — the thoughtful remembrance, — the slight favor, - the cordial token of recognition, — the passing salutation of good-will, — the forbearance to say what a moment's impatience may suggest, - the deference to others' words, - and the readiness to hearken and candor to judge; these and the thousand other modes of expressing and cherishing kindness of heart and of manners, —they are all little, and some may think insignificant, things; but they cannot be spared, for they are slight but essential links of pure happiness. They make or mar our peace more than poverty or riches, cot or castle, plain furniture or sideboards of gold and silver vessels. They may be humble virtues and none would claim for them much; and they are liable, like all current coin, to be confounded with

the counterfeit; yet how inexpressibly delightful it is to meet with them in the thorny paths of life; and though we may not call the dear friends of our fireside wise or graceful, beautiful or eloquent, still what an indescribable and heavenly charm lingers around those "in whose tongue is the law of kindness"!

A. A. LIVERMORE.

JUDGE CONRAD TO HIS WIFE.

When that chaste blush suffused thy cheek and brow,
Whitened anon with a pale maiden fear,
Thou shrank'st in uttering what I burned to hear,
And yet I loved thee, love, not then as now.
Years and their snows have come and gone, and graves
Of thine and mine have opened, and the sod
Is thick above the wealth we gave to God;
Over my brightest hopes the nightshade waves,
And wrongs and wrestlings with a wretched world,
Gray hairs, and saddened hours, and thoughts of gloom,
Troop upon troop, dark-browed, have been my doom,
And to the earth each hope-reared turret hurled,
And yet that blush, suffusing cheek and brow,—
'T was dear, how dear! then,—but 't is dearer now.

UNION AND PEACE.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

From these celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And fragrance filled the room.

Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

WATTS.

CONGRATULATORY LETTER.

My DEAR FRIENDS, -

I most heartily congratulate you on being But in your joy at the consummation of your wishes, do not forget that your happiness both here and hereafter depends — O how much! — upon each other's influence. An unkind word or look, or an unintentional neglect, sometimes leads to thoughts which ripen into the ruin of body and soul. A spirit of forbearance, patience, and kindness, and a determination to keep the chain of love bright, are likely to develop corresponding qualities, and to make the rough places of life smooth and Have you ever reflected seriously pleasant. that it is in the power of either of you to make the other utterly miserable? And when the storms and trials of life come, for come they will, how much either of you can do to calm, to elevate, to purify, the troubled spirit of the other, and substitute sunshine for the storm?

How much of the happiness or unhappiness of home depends on the disposition! Home, — how many associations with it! How the lonely and bereaved heart yearns for it! How it rises in remembrance when the sands of life are nearly run, and the sun is just setting!

I cannot look upon marriage in the light in which many seem to regard it, - merely as a convenient arrangement in society. To persons of benevolence, intelligence, and refinement, it must be something more, - the source of the greatest possible happiness or of the most abject misery, — no half-way felicity. your case the prospect appears as bright as can be expected under any circumstances. You have not had the folly to discard common sense. You have endeavoured to study charitably and carefully the peculiarities of each other's habits, dispositions, and principles, and to anticipate somewhat the inconveniences to which they may lead. And as you are determined to outdo each other in making personal sacrifices, and to live by the spirit of the Saviour, you have laid a foundation for happiness, which it is not likely will be shaken by the joys or sorrows, the prosperity or adversity, the riches or poverty, or by the frowns or flattery, of the world.

I need not tell you how many or how warm hearts are interested in your welfare, nor how many wishes and prayers are uttered for your happiness. Now do not be so selfish in your enjoyment as never to let any one share it with you, but write often, that all of us may be partakers also. Farewell. God bless you! May the rainbow of promise never set on your prospects till you form a purer union with angels!

JOHN L. SIBLEY.

LINES.

Let sacred home the temple be
Of pleasure and repose;
The bickerings of anger flee,
The fruitful source of woes;
Soothe in distress, and win to love,—
'T will bid all sorrow cease;
Then shalt thou imitate the dove
In pleasure and in peace.
The Family Cirle.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE

NECESSARY TO THE HAPPINESS OF THE MARRIED STATE.

ALAS! and is domestic strife, That sorest ill of human life, A plague so little to be feared As to be wantonly incurred To gratify a fretful passion On every trivial provocation? The kindest and the happiest pair Will find occasion to forbear; And something, every day they live, To pity, and, perhaps, forgive. But if infirmities, that fall In common to the lot of all, A blemish, or a sense impaired, Are crimes so little to be spared, Then farewell all that must create The comfort of the wedded state; Instead of harmony, 't is jar, And tumult, and intestine war.

The love that cheers life's latest stage, Proof against sickness and old age, Preserved by virtue from declension, Becomes not weary of attention; But lives when that exterior grace Which first inspired the flame decays.

'T is gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure:
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression
Shows love to be a mere profession;
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is.

COWPER.

THE WORLD TO COME.

And Jesus, answering, said unto them, The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage; but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage: neither can they die any more; for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.

THE GOSPEL OF LUKE.

THE ART OF PLEASING.

THE desire of being pleased is universal; the desire of pleasing should be so too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality of doing to others what we wish they should do to us.

The manner of conferring favors or benefits is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold and comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses and miseries of our fellow-creatures. But this is not all; for a true, heartfelt benevolence and tenderness will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may. Let us, then, not

only scatter benefits, but even strew flowers, for our fellow-travellers in the rugged paths of life.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please places his stock of merit at great interest.

Civility is the essential article towards pleasing, and is the result of good nature and of good sense. Good breeding is the decoration and lustre of civility, and adorns and dignifies the person who practises it.

CHESTERFIELD.

THE SUMMONS.

Bride, thy plighted faith is given;
Now thy vow is heard in heaven.
Who may hear the tones which swell
Deep within thy fond heart's cell?
Vain thy secret wishes all;
Thou must haste thee at my call.
Haste, haste away.
Miss M. W. Hale.

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Let us love one another; not long may we stay
In this bleak world of mourning; some droop while
't is day,

Others fade in the noon, and few linger till eve;
O, there breaks not a heart but leaves some one to
grieve!

The fondest, the purest, the truest that met Have still found the need to forgive and forget; Then, O, though the hopes that we nourished decay, Let us love one another as long as we stay!

Then let 's love one another, 'midst sorrows the worst,
Unaltered and fond as we loved at the first;
Though the false wing of pleasure may change and
forsake,

And the bright urn of wealth into partieles break,

There are some sweet affections that wealth eannot
buy,

That cling but still eloser when sorrow draws nigh,
And remain with us yet, though all else pass away;
Then let's love one another as long as we stay!

CHARLES SWAIN.

INFLUENCE OF HOME.

It is important that home should be cheerful. Kindness will do much to make it so. Yet there may be a kindness which is sad. There are those who have a melancholy tenderness, and those who have a hard, austere affection. Love may be in their hearts, but their countenances are set like a flint. We are rejoiced to meet kindness in almost any form; but here we are ready to exclaim, as did Macbeth at the sight of Banquo's ghost, -" Take any form but that!" Cheerfulness is a positive virtue. Who does not feel every drop of blood thrill in his veins, when he sees Paul writing, even in a dungeon, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content"? Truly was Paul chief of apostles. He had indeed learned that "godliness with contentment is great gain." Yet are there not many who seem wilfully to look on the dark side, to search peevishly for flaws, and, when they have no real troubles, torment themselves with those which are imaginary? Such "dig out their own wretchedness as if they were digging for diamonds." They would do well to remember, that "the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases." That was a good remark of Seneca, when he said, "Great is he who enjoys his earthen-ware as if it were plate, and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthen-ware." Every home should be cheerful. Innocent joy should reign in every heart. There should be domestic amusements, fireside pleasures, quiet and simple it may be, but such as shall make home happy, and not leave it that irksome place which will oblige the youthful spirit to look elsewhere for joy. There are a thousand unobtrusive ways in which we may add to the cheerfulness of home. The very modulations of the voice will often make a wonderful difference. How many shades of feeling are expressed by the voice! what a change comes over us at the change of its tones! No delicately tuned harp-string can awaken more pleasure; no grating discord can pierce with more pain.

The softer accents should receive cultivation, not as a matter of mere artifice, but as a true medium of refined feeling. "If your concern for pleasing others arise from innate benevolence," says the Spectator, "it never fails of success; if from mere vanity, its disappointment is no less certain." Have you not heard voices which lingered in your memory like music, — which soothed the mind in sorrow, and threw cheerfulness over every scene? This is not simply a natural sweetness, but a refinement we can all possess by cultivating the better feelings of the heart, and by giving them true expression. Anger, spleen, discontent, envy, pride, arrogance, all have their expressive tones; and so will love, gentleness, generosity, joy, and the better feelings of the heart. They are serene as the notes of the lute floating over a summer's lake; or they may tear and torture the spirit by their unkind accents. The very birds give vent to their natural feelings in characteristic cries, from the cooing dove to the screaming vulture. Let, then, home be made cheerful by the gentle voice of affection.

R. C. WATERSTON.

COUNTRY AND HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride, Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside; Where brighter suns dispense serener light, And milder moons imparadise the night; A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth, Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth. The wandering mariner, whose eye explores The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores, Views not a realm so bountiful and fair, Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air; In every clime, the magnet of his soul, Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole; For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace, The heritage of nature's noblest race, There is a spot of earth supremely blest, A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest, Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride, While in his softened looks benignly blend The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend. Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife, Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life. In the clear heaven of her delightful eye An angel guard of loves and graces lie;

Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?
Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE CONTRAST.

"Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in their death not divided." — Holy Writ.

A young and cherished bride, she went her future home to seek,

While glowed the living tints of health upon her kindling cheek.

The fount of love was in her heart, and in her eye its light;

Nor dark disease around her path had cast its withering blight.

The future to her vision seemed one fair and golden dream,

And Hope, the priestess at Love's shrine, had shed her radiant beam;

Breathed from the lip of changeless truth, the precious vow was given,

Which bound in one those mingling hearts, which death's cold touch has riven.

MISS M. W. HALE.

HOME FRIENDS.

How pleasant and how good a thing it is to have a home, and friends at home, so that, when weary and heart-sick of the world, we can flee from its grasping, icy selfishness, and retreat from its calculating policy to the sweets and comforts and counsels of friendly and loving hearts! How dear it is to have such friends, and know, that, come what will, we shall not fear desertion! Is it not true, that much of a man's energy and success, as well as happiness, depends upon the character of his home? Secure there, he goes forth bravely to encounter the trials of life. It encourages him, to think of his pleasant home. It is his point of rest. The thought of a dear wife shortens the distance of a journey, and alleviates the harassings of business. It is a reserved power to fall back upon. Home and home friends! How dear they are to us all! Well might we love to linger on the picture of home friends! When

all other friends prove false, home friends, removed from every bias but love, are the steadfast and sure stays of our peace of soul, — are best and dearest when the hour is darkest and the danger of evil the greatest. But if one have none to care for him at home, - if there be neglect, or love of absence, or coldness, in our home and on our hearth, then, even if we prosper without, it is dark indeed within! It is not seldom that we can trace alienation and dissipation to this source. If no wife or sister care for him who returns from his toil, well may he despair of life's best blessings. Home is nothing but a name without home friends. Jesus, without a home, had his home friends in Martha and Mary.

M. W. WILLIS.

DUTIES AT HOME.

O HUSBANDS! think upon your duty. You who have taken a wife from a happy home of kindred hearts and kind companionship, have you given to her all of your time which you could spare, have you endeavoured to make amends to her for the loss of these friends? Have you joined with her in her endeavours to open the minds of your children, and give them good moral lessons? Have you strengthened her mind with advice, kindness, and good books? Have you spent your evenings with her in the cultivation of intellectual, moral, or social excellence? Have you looked upon her as an immortal being, as well as yourself? Has her improvement been as much your aim as your own? Has your desire been to "love her," as St. Paul commands you, and to see her "holy and without blemish"? Has your kind word soothed the irritation of her brow? Has your arm supported her in the day of trial

and trouble? Have you truly been a helpmate to her whom you have sworn before God to love and cherish? Husband! husband! shut not your heart against these words. You are her senior, you have mixed more in the world, and you have gained knowledge of human nature, and thus of human weakness. Let this knowledge add to your desire to serve, to assist, and to cherish her in all Christian virtues. Let your children have the example before them of parents bound by one tie, one hope, united here and for ever, whom no cross can sever, and whose pure minds cast a bright reflection upon all around. You, whose married life has been short, aid and counsel your young wives. Let their troubles be yours, and their joys also. Rejoice with them in their happy trifles, soothe them in their sadness. Spare them all the hours you can from business, for it is their due. And, wives! thank your husbands for it, and feel that your lot is a blessed one.

There is a picture, bright and beautiful, but nevertheless true, where hearts are united for mutual happiness and mutual improvement; where a kind voice cheers the wife in her hour of trouble, and where the shade of anxiety is

chased from the husband's brow as he enters his home; where sickness is soothed by watchful love, and hope and faith burn brightly. For such there is a great reward, both here and hereafter, in their own and their families' spiritual happiness and growth, and in the blessed scenes of the world of spirits.

And, wives! do you also consult the tastes and dispositions of your husbands, and endeavour to give to them high and noble thoughts, lofty aims, and temporal comfort. Be ready to welcome them to their homes, gradually draw their thoughts while with you from business, and lead them to the regions of the beautiful in art and nature, and the true and the divine in sentiment. Foster a love of the elegant and refined, and gradually will you see business, literature, and high moral culture blending in "sweet accord."

MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

HOME.

Where burns the loved hearth brightest,
Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possessed?
Where is the smile of sadness,
Of meek-eyed patience born,
Worth more than those of gladness
Which mirth's bright cheek adorn?
Pleasure is marked by fleetness
'To those who ever roam,
While grief itself has sweetness
At Home, dear Home!

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief;
There eyes in all their splendor
Are vocal to the heart,
And glances, gay and tender,
Fresh eloquence impart;
Then dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O, do not wildly roam,
But seek that hidden treasure
At Home, dear Home!

Does pure Religion charm thee
Far more than aught below?
Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe?
Think not she dwelleth only
In temples made for prayer;
For home itself is lonely
Unless her smiles be there.
The devotee may falter,
The bigot blindly roam,
If worshipless her altar
At Home, dear Home!

Love over it presideth,
With meek and watchful awe
Its daily service guideth,
And shows its perfect law;
If there thy faith shall fail thee,
If there no shrine be found,
What can thy prayers avail thee,
With kneeling crowds around?
Go, leave thy gift unoffered
Beneath Religion's dome,
And be her first fruits offered
At Home, dear Home!

BERNARD BARTON.

LOVE OF HOME.

Some spot there is, some cherished spot,
We love all other spots above;
And few so wretched that have not
Some early-cherished spot to love.

The mountain heights are dear to some,

To some the valley's deep recess;

To some the desert is a home,

With thoughts to cheer and joys to bless.

To some the tempest-troubled sea
Is music; while the snows and ice
That gird earth's arctic scenery
To some bring dreams of paradise.

The fervor of the tropic beams,

The darkness of deep woods, the fall
Of dangerous cataract-shaken streams,

All scatter joys around them, — all.

Yes! all some spot, some cherished spot,
Love every other spot above;
And none so destitute as not
To have some spot on earth to love.
BOWRING.

PIETY PROMOTED BY THE DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

MARRIAGE is an occasion on which none refuse to sympathize. Would that all were equally able and willing to understand! Would that all could know how, from the first flow of the affections till they are shed abroad in all their plenitude, the purposes of their creation become fulfilled. They were to life like a sleeping ocean to a bright but barren and silent When the breeze from afar awakened it, new lights began to gleam, and echoes to be heard; rich and unthought-of treasures were cast up from the depths; the barriers of individuality were broken down; and from henceforth, they who choose may "hear the mighty waters rolling evermore." Would that all could know how, by this mighty impulse, new strength is given to every power, - how the intellect is vivified and enlarged, - how the spirit becomes bold to explore the path of life, and clearsighted to discern its issues! Higher, much

higher things than these are done even in the early days of this second life, when it is referred to its Author, and held at his disposal. Its hopes and fears, some newly created, some only magnified, are too tumultuous to be borne unaided. There is no rest for them but in praise or in resignation; and thus are they sanctified, and prayer invigorated. Thus does human love deepen the divine; thus does a new earthly tie knit closer that which connects us with heaven; thus does devotedness teach devotion. Never did man so cling to God for any thing which concerns himself, as for the sake of one he loves better than himself. Never is his trust so willing as on behalf of one whom he can protect to a certain extent, but no further. None can so distinctly trace the course of Providence as they who have been led to a point of union by different paths; and none are so ardent in their adoration as they who rejoice that that Providence has led them to each other. To none is life so rich as to those who gather its treasures only to shed them into each other's bosom; and to none is heaven so bright as to those who look for it beyond the blackness and tempest which overshadow one distant portion of their path. Thus does love help piety; and

as for that other piety which has humanity for its object, must not that heart feel most of which tenderness has become the element? Must not the spirit which is most exercised in hope and fear be most familiar with hope and fear wherever found? How distinctly I saw all this in those who are now sanctifying their first Sabbath of wedded love! Yet how few who smiled and wept at their union looked in it for all that might be found!

MISS MARTINEAU.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

When young persons marry, even with the fairest prospects, they should never forget that infirmity is inseparably bound up with their very nature, and that, in bearing one another's burdens, they fulfil one of the highest duties of the union.

HANNAH MORE.

PRAYER AT MORNING AND EVENING.

To prayer! to prayer! for the morning breaks, And earth in her Maker's smile awakes:
His light is on all below and above,—
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer!

To prayer! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on:
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.
Henry Ware, Jr.

FAMILY PRAYER.

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." — Joshua.

The obligations of family prayer arise from our social natures, our common wants, and our mutual influence. There are family affections, which are to be hallowed by religion; there are family trials which are to be sanctified to us, and there are family habits which are to be made safe examples. Where children and servants have not the seriousness which Christ requires, family prayer will impart it. The head of the household here exerts a direct influence, without any suspicion of his motives or sincerity. These prayers should be short and unlabored, full of tenderness and piety. That delightful and benignant sympathy with which God has bound kindred hearts together should be often, yet cautiously, touched. A rash or careless hand will immediately snap its cords. Most of our virtue is social virtue; and the command to love those near us as we love ourselves includes every means for promoting

mutual affection and happiness. Family prayers are a source of delightful union and reciprocal improvement, which it is truly surprising any Christian can neglect. — At the ninth hour Cornelius was praying in his house, when he was told, "Thy prayers and thy alms are come up for a memorial before God." "He was a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house; who gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway." If Scripture authority and example are of any weight, I ask those of you, in whose families no forms of devotion are statedly observed, on what principles you satisfy your consciences under such an omission? Admitting that you aim at the manly virtues in your dealings, stand upon your honor, despise all fraud and advocate religion, still, in the neglect of God, of all acknowledgments of him, all expressions of love and gratitude, must not the character be essentially defective? Without ardent love to God, all outward acts are but the pageantry of virtue, a fictitious show, hollow and unsubstantial. Almsgiving and devotion were proved to be mutually obligatory in the case of Cornelius; and you have no right to divorce them. Will you separate piety and charity, faith and good works? Ye heads of

families, in whose habitations no domestic altar has been raised and no voice of prayer uttered, can you think of the beloved companions, given for your solace, help, and enjoyment through the cares and burdens of your pilgrimage, your rising offspring, as olive-plants surrounding your table, - your ample supplies of daily food, shelter, and health, - can you estimate these, and yet have a heart dead to all the warm aspirations of gratitude? The day of mournful separation from your family approaches, when you can leave nothing but the remembrance of what you was. Will you leave that happy group to the bleak mercy of the world, without their having once heard you perform the great duty of prayer? Will you leave them in doubt whether you have ever borne them to heaven in the arms of your faith? Christianity is a religion for families. It consecrates the social re-It commits us to each other's care. It draws round the family group the broad mantle of love. The more of the spirit of this religion we possess, the more we shall love God and love each other. God grant that we may walk in our houses with perfect hearts, commanding our children and our household after us to keep the way of the Lord!

If there be any members of a family wicked, or ill-disposed, this practice is the way to reclaim them and make them good, by bringing to their minds every day the thoughts of God and another world, and keeping their consciences awake. As to those of a family who are good, and desirous to grow every day better, the practice of daily prayer makes them fixed and steadfast in their religious dispositions. keeps their souls bent towards heaven and heavenly things; it raises them more and more to such a spirit of devotion, as both prepares them, while they live, to be fervent and zealous amongst the faithful in the public service of God's church, and when they come to die, fits them for spiritual joys and exercises among the blessed in beaven.

The neglect of this duty breaks that delightful connection which the soul has with God; it brings an indifference to spiritual objects, and incapacitates the mind for the highest and noblest action which is allowed it in this world or the next.

Let us resolve to kneel side by side at the family altar,—and when we read the same Gospel, and kindle over the same page, then let us pour forth in mingling sacrifice our devotion,

believing that He who numbers the hairs of our heads will not disregard the anxious supplications of our souls, especially when they ascend for others as well as ourselves.

"To God may each assembled house
Present their night and morning vows;
Their servants and their rising race
Be taught his precepts and his grace."
C. Brooks.

NEATNESS.

I LOVE to see thy gentle hand
Dispose, with modest grace,
The household things around thy home,
And "each thing in its place."

And then thy own trim, modest form
Is always neatly clad;
Thou sure wilt make the tidiest wife
That ever husband had.

No costly splendors needest thou,

To make thy home look bright;

For neatness on the humblest spot

Can shed a sunny light.

Anonymous.

DOMESTIC WORSHIP.

Peace be to this habitation;
Peace to all that dwell therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;
Peace to worldly minds unknown;
Peace divine, that lasts for ever;
Peace, that comes from God alone.

Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us;
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy gracious presence cheer us;
Let thy sacred kingdom come;
Raise to heaven our expectation;
Give our favored souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

C. WESLEY.

IS SHE NOT THY COMPANION?

The prophet says, "Is she not thy companion?" This, perhaps, is the most lovely and becoming idea of the relation that can be supplied. She is not, O man! thy superior,—she is not thy slave, thy servant, thy dependant;—she is indeed a helpmate; so art thou;—but she is "thy companion."

Yet as a companion she is distinguishable from every other. A brother or sister is a companion, but they are so involuntarily; she is thy companion by choice. Many are companions for a while, but they are separable from us, and our intercourse may be lessened; she is thy companion for life. Let other companions be ever so intimate, yet they have their separate allotments; she is thy companion so as to have no interest of her own, but is an equal sharer in all the cares and comforts of thine. It will be confessed that there are some differences between the male and female character, but the

very differences render them the more mutually eligible as companions.

The defective qualities of each are provided for in the attributes of the other. Both excel, but they excel in their own way. He is more characterized by thought, she by sympathy; but these properties demand and aid each other. The eagerness, the sensitiveness, the delicacy, the genius, of the woman would unnerve the man; and the courage, the inflexibility, the severeness, of the man would unsex the woman.

Nothing can be more absurd than to oppose their respective claims, nothing more injurious than to separate them.

Let the peculiar properties and places be retained, and all will be found adaptation and order. Let them be associated, and all will be found harmony and completeness.

JAY.

ADVICE TO THE MARRIED.

Should erring nature casual faults disclose,
Wound not the breast that harbours your repose;
For every grief that breast from you shall prove
Is one link broken in the chain of love.
Soon, with their objects, other woes are past,
But pains from those we love are pains that last.
Though faults or follies from reproach may fly,
Yet in its shade the tender passions die.

Love, like the flower that courts the sun's kind ray, Will flourish only in the smiles of day; Distrust's cold air the generous plant annoys, And one chill blight of dire contempt destroys. O, shun, my friend, avoid that dangerous coast, Where peace expires and fair affection's lost! By wit, by grief, by anger urged, forbear The speech contemptuous and the scornful air.

DR. JOHN LANGHORNE.

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF MARRIED LIFE.

The desire to promote another's happiness implanted in the mind, it is scarcely needful to specify the forms of expression which it will take. The sentiment which is energetic and infallible may be left to itself to dictate these. In the various circumstances of their changing life, they who are united in this closest bond of friendship will be prompt to offer to each other the aid, and sympathy, and counsel, suitable to each. In sickness, each will be the other's care; in perplexity, each the other's resource and guide; in dejection, each the other's stay. Rich, they will be happy in each other's good-fortune. Poor, they will be animated to patience by the view of each other's fortitude. Joys will all be doubled, and sorrows lessened, by a free communication. In their own successes, as far as they can be called their own merely, each will hasten to communicate pleasure by imparting them, and receive the congrat-

ulation which is ready to be offered; and in successes or disappointments of the other, each will have prompt congratulation to bestow, or a reinvigorating encouragement and sympathy. Conformity of tastes and habits will be studied, even to the abandonment of one's own; for a dissimilarity in these is fruitful in the less occasions of variance. The tenderest regard to feelings, and most respectful consideration for opinions, will be shown. Inclinations will not only be obeyed, but, when they may, anticipated; nor will the worth of those little attentions, which, if they prove nothing else, prove what is much, a continually present and active kindness, by any means be overlooked. Each will seek to honor each in other's view, by suitable demonstrations before others of the respect which is entertained. Each will seek to reflect credit on the other by maintaining a worthy character, and even by becoming attention to such inferior recommendations - for instance, of manners and appearance - as tend to attract good-will; for the consciousness that what others esteem is ours is one which the heart prizes, and to confer this happiness of a gratified and proud affection is a worthy and a generous aim. The good husband or wife will fre-

quently reflect upon the question, by what change of deportment or habits happiness may be increased, where most the desire is to have happiness abound. Concessions and improvements which the securing of this object seems to demand will be cheerfully made. Where intentions and feelings are equivocal, the best of which the circumstances admit will uniformly be attributed. Occasions of dispute, anticipated, will be carefully shunned; or, unhappily arising, will as soon as possible be removed, or escaped from; for which is worst, - let any one who will reflect a moment say, - to provoke a displeasure, or to yield an argument? The most guarded forbearance and the promptest forgiveness will be extended to infirmities of character on the other part; for none are perfect, and to expect it would be to brave for ourselves a wounding disappointment. If it be by good principles, for the most part, that that character is controlled, one is to remember that none are faithful to their principles throughout, and to rejoice in the reasonable hope he may have, that those principles before long may be further effectual than as yet they have been; and in the worst event, - if it were otherwise, - if there were no such principles, - then an angry

remonstrance would only tend to an aggravation of the evil. Suspicion of affection on the other part is not to be tolerated, but confidence in it, on the contrary, to be in all fit ways both cherished and expressed; for nothing discourages and estranges like distrust. In short, as a dictate alike of policy and of conscience, of interest and of God, the unkindness of reserve and of neglect, of petulance and of passion, in all their forms of act, word, and feature, is watchfully to be shunned; and each individual sustaining this great relation is to find an excellent happiness here, as he may, along with the favor of God, in consulting with unintermitted earnestness for the happiness of another, whose welfare is bound up with his own.

JOHN G. PALFREY.

TRUE LOVE'S PROGRESS.

Time changes innocence to virtue strong, Or mars the man with passions foul and wrong; To warm and new emotions time gives life, Fluttering the heart in strange yet pleasing strife, Filling the quickened mind with visions fair, Hues like bright clouds, that rest like clouds on air, Deepening each feeling of the impassioned soul, Round one loved object gathering then the whole. So deepened, strengthened, formed the love that grew From childhood up, and bound in one the two; So opened their fresh hearts, as to the sun The young buds open, — life was just begun; For this it is to live, — the stir to feel That bands us one in life, death, woe, and weal. And life it is, when a soft inward sense Pervades our being, — when we draw from hence Delights unutterable, thoughts that throw Unearthly brightness round this world below, Making each common day, each common thing, Something peculiar to our spirit bring.

RICHARD H. DANA.

ADVANTAGES OF UNION.

It was thus, surely, that intellectual beings of different sexes were intended by their great Creator to go through the world together: thus united, not only in hand and heart, but in principles, in intellect, in views, and in dispositions; each pursuing one common and noble end, their own improvement, and the happiness of those around them, — by the different means appropriate to their situation; mutually correcting, sustaining, and strengthening each other; undegraded by all practices of tyranny on the one hand, and of deceit on the other; each finding a candid but severe judge in the understanding, and a warm and partial advocate in the heart, of their companion; secure of a refuge from the vexations, the follies, the misunderstandings, and the evils of the world in the arms of each other, and in the inestimable enjoyments of undisturbed confidence and unrestrained intimacy.

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE.

SEEK a good wife of thy God, for she is the best gift of his providence;

Yet ask not in bold confidence that which he hath not promised.

Thou knowest not his good will, therefore be submissive thereunto;

And leave thy petition to his mercy, assured that he will deal well with thee.

If thou art to have a wife of thy youth, she is now living on the earth;

Therefore think of her, and pray for her weal; yea, though thou hast not seen her.

They that love early become like-minded, and the tempter toucheth them not:

They grow up, leaning on each other, as the olive and the vine.

Youth longeth for a kindred spirit, and yearneth for a heart that can commune with its own:

He meditateth night and day, doting on the image of his fancy.

Take heed that what charmeth thee is real, nor springeth of thine own imagination;

And suffer not trifles to win thy love; for a wife is thine unto death.

- The harp and the voice may thrill,—the sound may enchant thine ear,—
- But consider thou, the hand may wither, and the sweet notes turn to discord.
- The eye so brilliant at even may be red with sorrow in the morning;
- And the sylph-like form must writhe in the crampings of pain.
- Happy lot and hallowed, even as the joy of angels,
- Where the golden chain of godliness is entwined with the roses of Love!
- But beware thou seem not to be holy, to win favor in the eyes of a creature;
- For the guilt of the hypocrite is deadly, and winneth thee wrath elsewhere.
- The idol of thy heart is as thou, a probationary sojourner on earth;
- Therefore be chary of her soul, for that is the jewel in her casket.
- Let her be a child of God, that she bring with her a blessing to thy house, —
- A blessing above riches, and leading contentment in its train.
- Let her be an heir of heaven; so shall she help thee on thy way:
- For those who are one in faith fight double-handed against evil.
- Take heed, lest she love thee before God; that she be not an idolater:
- Yet see thou that she love thee well; for her heart is the heart of woman.
- And the triple nature of humanity must be bound by a triple chain,

For soul and mind and body: godliness, esteem, and affection.

Affect not to despise beauty: no one is freed from its dominion;

But regard it not as a pearl of great price: it is fleeting as the bow in the clouds.

If the character within be gentle, it often hath its index in the countenance:

The soft smile of a loving face is better than splendor that fadeth quickly.

Hath thy wife wisdom? it is precious.

Hath she learning? it is well, so that modesty go with it.

In the day of thy joy remember the poor: so shalt thou reap a rich harvest of blessing;

For these be the pensioners of One that filleth thy cup with pleasures.

In the day of thy joy be thankful: He hath well deserved thy praise:

Mean and selfish is the heart that seeketh Him only in sorrow.

For her sake who leaneth on thine arm, court not the notice of the world,

And remember that sober privacy is comelier than public display.

Marriage is a figure and an earnest of holier things unseen,

And reverence well becometh the symbol of dignity and glory.

The heart of the righteous is chaste; his conscience casteth off sin.

If thou wilt be loved, render implicit confidence; if thou wouldst not suspect, receive confidence in turn;

- For where trust is not reciprocal, the love that trusted withereth.
- Hide not your grief nor your gladness; be open one with the other.
- Let bitterness be strange unto your tongues, but sympathy a dweller in your hearts.
- Imparting halveth the evils, while it doubleth the pleasures, of life;
- But sorrows breed and thicken in the gloomy bosom of Reserve.
- Young wife, be kind to the friends of thine husband, for the love they have to him;
- And gently bear with his infirmities: hast thou not need of his forbearance?
- Be not always in each other's company; it is often good to be alone:
- And if there be too much sameness, ye cannot but grow weary of each other.
- Ye have each a soul to be nourished, and a mind to be taught in wisdom;
- Therefore, as accountable in time, help one another to improve it.
- If you feel love to decline, track out quickly the secret
- Let it not rankle for a single day, but confess and bewail it together;
- Speedily seek to be reconciled, for love is the life of marriage.
- Let no one have thy confidence, O wife! save thine husband:
- Have not a friend more intimate, O husband! than thy wife.

In the joy of a well-ordered home, remember that this is not your rest:

For the substance to come may be forgotten in the present beauty of the shadow.

If ye are blessed with children, ye have a fearful pleasure,

A deeper care, and a higher joy; and the range of your existence is widened.

If God in wisdom refuse them, thank him for an unknown mercy;

For how can ye tell if they might be a blessing or a curse?

Bride and bridegroom! pilgrims of life, henceforward to travel together,

In this the beginning of your journey neglect not the favor of Heaven.

Let the day of hopes fulfilled be blest by many prayers; And at eventide kneel ye together, that your joy be not unhallowed.

Angels that are round you shall be glad, those loving ministers of mercy;

And the richest blessings of your God shall be poured on his favored children.

M. F. TUPPER.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee, — too infirm,
Or too ineautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy erystal cup,—
Thou art the nurse of virtue!

In thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.
Cowper.

PURE LOVE.

Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us.

St. John.

RETURN HOME FROM TRAVEL.

The bee hath its domestic cell,
The wandering bird its nest,
The beast its lair in forest dell,
And man his home of rest.

And tired with toil, with travel tired,
The beast, the bird, the bee,
By common impulse all inspired,
Seek home's sweet secrecy.

Man, winged for farther, bolder flight,
Privileged o'er earth to roam,
Still bends, with ever-new delight,
Towards his native home,—

Home, made more sacred, made more dear,
When travels far have taught
How much about the heart, how near,
Life's early chains are wrought.

Those chains around the heart remain,
Through every absent hour;
And naught can free us from the chain,
But home's enchanting power.

Bowring.

THE WORTH OF HOME.

But what is it that makes home worth so much? Why do we thus long for it, and strive for it? Because it is the only place on earth where some of the chief blessings of life can be found. The closest and dearest relations which man sustains are found here, and here only. The most important and blessed connections which man forms are found here, and here only.

Another reason why home is what it is, is this, — that while it can make amends for many and many a loss, nothing can supply the place of home. And this is truth, — positive, solemn, glad, and holy truth. Who is willing to deny it? Who is able to deny it? Who that has, or has ever had, a home — who that has a heart to feel the meaning of the word — will deny it? There is much of delight for us in this world; there is gladness in many of its paths, and a rejoicing in its gifts. The works

of God are full of beauty, the stores of nature are large and rich; and as we mingle with our fellow-beings in the duties and enjoyments of social intercourse, there is a vast deal to engage our powers, to interest our affections. All this is too true to ask a word in proof. But gather these all together, - pile up, in one scale, all these glories, and graces, and pleasures; and when in the other scale I put home, which will weigh the other down? Tell me, traveller over broad lands, voyager over separating oceans, visitor among different nations, what happier spot have you seen than this? Where burns the fire brighter, where tastes the food sweeter, where bursts forth the laugh more joyously, where shines the day clearer, where does night draw over her shadows more quietly, and where does slumber shut down the eyelids in a more gentle repose? Tell me, ye who wrestle with the cares of occupation, — whether pent up in the study, or the counting-room, with tired brain and aching sight; or in the office, with the irritation of other men's perplexities; or in the shop, distracted with the wants and whims of a throng; or in the toil of those bodily labors, which you have chosen for your calling; - tell me, is not the thought of home and the circle there — the ring of faces, the chain of hearts, the tune of voices — a stimulus, a support, an encouragement, a reward? Home! what shall be taken in exchange for it? Choose from among the countless treasures of this wide world. Let ambition spread out all its bright distinctions, — shall they outshine it? Let wealth unlock its hoards, shall they buy it? Let pleasure sing her song, -shall it charm to forgetfulness of home? Turn to the other side: let the world refuse its treasures; let plans for power be blasted; let toils for wealth be fruitless; let the cup of pleasure be kept from the lips; be misunderstood, neglected, oppressed, -I ask if home, with its hearts to sympathize, its words to console, its hands to minister, cannot supply what has been denied abroad? Can it not cheer the fainting spirits, warm the chilled affections, heal the bruised, bind up the broken?

Home! it is the paradise of infancy, the tower of defence to youth, the retreat for manhood, the city of refuge for old age. Recollections, associations, cluster round it, — O, how thickly! Enjoyments are tasted there, whose relish never dies from the memory. Affections spring, and grow there, through all the turns and overturns

of life, and which last on, stronger than death. The thought of its early innocence has kindled anew the flame of virtue,—almost smothered beneath a heavy mass of follies and crimes. The vision of home has come upon the soul of him who was dying in a foreign land, and made him feel that he would die willingly could he breathe his last breath in the midst of the familiar looks, and tender voices, of home.

Is there a home in every house? Is there in every dwelling this spot, made holy by love and confidence, by mutual kindness, mutual forbearance, cherished harmony, interchange of service, union of feelings and wishes and efforts? Is it the abode of joyous looks, and sweet-toned voices, and helping hands? Do we there find the brow cleared from the darkness of care and passion, the eye beaming the good-will of the heart, the lip dressed in the smile of a winning cheerfulness? Or, on the other hand, do we hear within the sacred walls of home the rude tones of ungoverned anger, or the continual droppings of a fretful peevishness; the loud storms of strife, or the stingings of sneering sarcasm? Do we find constraint instead of ease, suspicion instead of trust, and, for gentleness and openness, ill-humor and caprice?

Or, further still, do we find home the seat of weariness and disgust? Do we hear complaints of its insipid routine, its tiresome monotony, its uninteresting sameness, its unbroken dulness? Do we see any escaping from it, as from the house of bondage, the scene of nothing but vexatious drudgery? In a word, do we all of us make home what it should be, what it can be, what it must be to make us happy? We have delightful visions of home, - are they with any of us pictures of the imagination, or does the heart feel that they are realities? We warm with description, - what says fact? Do we make it what we say it is? Home! is it a dream, a beautiful structure of the clouds, a painted, gilded castle in the air? No, blessed be God! it can be made as real as the firm-seated earth; as real as the voice that thanks Heaven for its blessings; as real as the hearts which it makes to run over with happiness. But it is duty only that can give this reality. this, throw off the sense of responsibility, forget what you owe to others, live on in hardening, deadening selfishness, and you may have a habitation, - but you have no home.

G. G. INGERSOLL.

LOVE CANNOT CHANGE.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! It is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.

If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, and no man ever loved.

SHARSPEARE

A MARRIAGE SERMON.

"MARRIAGE," Dr. Wickliffe saith, "is a sacrament, and a figure of the ghostly wedlock between Christ and the Holy Church."

There is no other human connection which hath so high or so great a significance, as that between man and woman. For a king even, his coronation is a much less matter than his marriage, as having less spiritual import. It is not written, that in the beginning God created man, rich and poor, philosopher and peasant, but male and female created he them. There is no monarch's signet that is typical of as much duty as the wedding-ring is.

Marriage among Christians is not only for earthly convenience, but also for heavenly good; and if the spiritual purpose be not answered thereby, there are none so frivolous as not to feel the failure acutely, whether they know the cause of their suffering or not.

Of primitive Christian marriage, Tertullian

speaketh in these words:—"What a union of two believers, to have one hope, one desire, one course of life, one service of God, in common, the one with the other! Both like brother and sister, undivided in heart and flesh, or rather really two in one flesh, fall down together on their knees and pray. Christ's peace is on such as these. Where two are, there is he, and where he is, evil cannot come."

An irreligious is a sensual union; and sensuality is volatile. The many irksome marriages which there are, are miserable, most of them, for the want of an indwelling, spiritual sentiment. The woman is a traitress to herself who is careless about her husband's piety; for the wife can seldom be loved long and warmly, unless she can invest herself with a spiritual interest, unless she can engage her husband to think of her as "a living soul,"—a spirit who shall outlast his earthly fortunes, and the earth itself, and of which he is, under God, the earthly protector,—a soul, the heavenly value of which is contingent, to some extent, on his earthly usage thereof.

But for Christianity, women would have been still mere objects of lust. Pliny saith, that among the Greeks the betrothal-ring was sometimes of iron,—a proper type of heathen matrimony; but with us Christians it is of gold, like the city of God, towards the gate of which it is the purpose of Christian marriage to make man and woman helpmates together, while solemnly journeying on earth.

It is because of their irreligiousness that so many homes are joyless; it is for want of that infinite depth of sentiment, of which Christianity is in the human soul the fountain, that marriages are so many of them so vapid; it is because conversation is never in heaven, that in so many houses it is so monotonous, so without soul or interest; and it is for want of the preservative power of religion, that husband and wife so often find the warmth and delicacy of their early affection fail.

The common notion is false, that where man and woman are both worldly alike, that there the absence of spirituality is no hindrance to their happiness; as may be inferred from this common circumstance, that the veriest debauchee requires purity in his wife. Alas for that home in which the highest theme of the husband's discourse is the last acute bargain which he made in business, or the levity, coarse perhaps, as well as trifling, which he last heard

at the tavern! Alas for that home in which the wife, on opening her heart, discloses no traces of any nobler feelings than such as the larder or the laundry might suggest! Alas for her who establishes no higher claims on her husband's regards, than mere fidelity to his person, and frugality and order in his house!

Marriage is an institution of God, and can possibly be enjoyed only in the spirit of God.

Religious sensibility is in the human heart what the divine Almightiness is in the foliage of trees, the fragrance of flowers, the loftiness of mountains, and the lustre of the stars; even when unperceived, it is the fulness, it is the soul of bliss, especially of the purer pleasures, family love, friendship, and anticipation of the future.

Out of the heart are the issues of life, mortal and immortal both alike. Connubial affection flows freely and surely only through those channels of love which prayer keeps open from obstruction. In every household, the warmth of pure joyance is, very much, proportionate to the flame of devotion; and in most hearts, the purity of their attachment is measurable by the extent of their faith.

To be happy together long, a man and wife

must be in Christ. Of deep love reverence is one essential, and one which inevitably decays after marriage, unless the felt sacredness of the soul counteract the effect of familiarity with the person.

The completeness of mutual confidence is another element in love. Now no human beings do or can maintain entire faith in one another, but those who also feel full belief in God. There are instances of exception, but they are only few; for, as a rule, it is only a religious is a confiding person.

Of affection between man and wife, there are other component feelings, of which, in like manner, religion is the source; in brief, it is the soul of married life, it is the strength of married faith, it is the preservative of married joy.

The life of God in the soul is not only a right, but a vigorous state of mind; it is not only devotion, but is added strength to every other feeling, the affection especially of husband and wife.

Husband and wife praying together before God are not only united in temporary thought, but more closely still; for while kneeling, side by side, they two have the arms of the Almighty round them, the protecting, love-inspiring presence of the one God of their faith.

Marriage has not only capacities of happiness, but of moral and religious improvement. There is no other feeling of the human heart is rightly such a support of personal religion as conjugal affection is. A man and woman dwelling together without the love of God is a melancholy sight, for it is such a loss of spiritual opportunity. Nay, holy men have believed that the nuptial is a sinful state, unless enjoyed in the fear of God; and certainly, without that, it tends to sensualize the mind; it is in that case a heathen alliance, the appropriate patrons of which are Venus and the idol gods; and on such a connection the blessing of the church does not abide, but returns again, like the Apostolic benediction of peace, when supplicated on an unworthy house; the happiness thereof is evanescent, its duration is weariness, it is the profanest of all profane states, and its end, its end! O, think how ominously awful is that state of mind, or else how terrible must have been its experience, which is conscious to itself of a secret complacency in the severance of conjugal bonds! Remember the spiritual meaning of marriage, and then the possibility of joy

in its dissolution is infernal; it is like a soul's rejoicing over its own ruin, over its own lost sense of purity, its extinct capacity of prayer, and its vanished opportunities of right.

Great are the spiritual uses of marriage. The serious seeker after righteousness experiences often a repugnance to speak of his moral feelings, of his sense of sin, of the law in his members warring with that in his heart, a conflict to the terror and violence of which, perhaps, every faculty of his soul may be thrilling most intensely; also, many a one longs, but is unable, to speak concerning his heavenly desires, and so they are sometimes blighted within him for want of sympathy. Occasionally, too, a person is visited with religious doubts, which he shrinks from revealing; and so, through an unwise suppression, they fester into corrosive poisons within him, weakening the certainties of his faith, making self-examination distasteful first, and then disgusting; and thus, oftentimes, a soul is crippled, weakened, and embittered by unimportant scruples in doctrine, the operation of which ought to have been the opening, and thereby the strengthening, of the mind.

Sympathy is an essential of the human heart.

There is many a soul of noble capacities lying

in sluggish darkness, for want of some word out of itself, some human tone, some little encouragement, and that, perhaps, so slight, that even a child might utter it. Others there are, who are awake to righteousness, to all the lofty attainments that are possible therein on this earth, who revolve in their minds many plans of good, and who yet make no progress, for want of a quickening impulse external from themselves. Often and often, for lack of a friend's understanding word, does a good man's modest diffidence grow into religious sloth. This want of sympathy, this dependence on external help, is God's appointment; it is our nature; it is incidental to us as social creatures; it is an ordained occasion for the infusion of faith and energy into the soul, and which, at the same time, carry along with them an increase of love, a contributary effect of the conversational channel through which they flow.

The formation of Eve out of the substance of Adam, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, is typical of the state of their descendants. Manhood and womanly nature are supplements, the one to the other; they are one another's perfection. Wedlock is the completion of two beings; it is a fitting of them to at-

tain, by conjoint effort, an excellence impossible to either of them alone.

Between husband and wife there ought to be no more religious reserve than between man and God; for they ought to confess themselves to one another as freely as to their Creator.

The Catholic confessional is an institution according to nature, only the scene of it ought not to be the church, but the chamber; and the agents therein not priests and laics, but friend with friend. Unacknowledged sin lies heavily and long, not only on the conscience, but on the whole soul, obscuring its moral perception, paralyzing the will, when it would apply to the right; and sometimes it seems almost to assume a personality of its own, and to dare and defy the despairing soul to attempt self-inspection, prayer, or Christian endeavour of any kind. Oppressed with the sense of guilt, it is not only painful for a man, but even the remains of his better nature will oftentimes shrink from religious meditation, as though from sacrilege. And not unfrequently, when a sinner would first betake himself to prayer, there instinctively occurs to him the discouraging thought, "What hast thou to do, that thou shouldest take God's covenant in thy mouth?" And often, when a person has wrought out his repentance and his restoration to grace in unnoticed secrecy, and even when he feels in his heart the assurance of the divine pardon, he is yet conscious of a further want; since, restored to God, he wants restoring to himself, to his own self-respect,—for there is no moral strength in the man who is all distrust; with the storm of temptation around him, and the sea of life raging underneath him, he is like St. Peter, who, even when walking by miraculous power, began to sink in the waves for want of a friendly voice.

To dispel this distressing, discouraging sense of distrust, there is nothing so efficacious as the encouragement of a friend, as the utterance of affectionate belief in our moral recovery. The expression of hope for a sinner is like a communication of spiritual strength from the speaker. God has made us mutual agents of good. Next to divine help, as afforded through Scripture, prayer, and the Holy Spirit, confidential discourse is the best aid to righteousness. There is no such strengthening word as that uttered in secret by affection. Of earthly helps, there is none other is such a preservation from sin as mutual trust. Through the wants of our souls, as well as through the word of Scripture, does

God exhort us "to confess our faults one to another, and pray for one another." There is, or should be, no spiritual intimacy like that between husband and wife, whose hearts ought not only to be sources of love for one another, but of religious encouragement and strength, and ought also, after guilt, to be fountains for one another of moral healing.

Religion is a household, quite as much as a church feeling. Good order among servants is better secured by the fear of God, than by the threats of a master; and with this additional difference, that in the one case they are made abject, but in the other cheerful, earnest, and holy, like the attendants on the person of the Lord Christ were. For cheerfulness there is no device like diffusing a spirit of faith, inasmuch as where religion is, men and women there, children, flowers, animals, the four seasons, the Sabbath, and all things that are God's, are loved; every day of the week then becomes a saint's-day in feeling, and life like a long festival. Work done as in God's sight is done in joy; and joy, entertained as in his presence, is purity itself, and a preparation for still greater joy in heaven.

Faults are incidental to our imperfect natures

everywhere; but in a religious house even inadvertencies are not without their compensating
pleasure, since the master reflects with himself,
while pardoning his servants, "Even thus does
God, through Christ, forgive me"; and rightly
does he reason thus, since the grace to forgive
is one token that the recipient thereof is himself
forgiven; so that what are unmitigated troubles
to the worldly, to the spiritually-minded occasion thoughts of the Redeemer, of God, and of
heaven.

Yes, religion in a household doth make it rejoice evermore. Whenever the mind is pleasantly enlivened by one matter, whatever it be, all other objects then become agreeable stimulants. The man who is animated by a public rejoicing feels not only the street pleasanter, but his own house also; and the tradesman who achieves a piece of fortunate business finds that the same mental excitement, which was increased activity in the counting-house, is at home warmth towards his wife, good-humor with the servant, and tenderness with his children. In the same manner, but more congenially, does "joy in the Holy Ghost" combine with family love, and sustain, refine, and strengthen it.

There are some persons who have their imaginations so excited by the possibility of some distant good, as to lose all taste for the little delights which husband and wife, master and servant, parent and child, may devise and reciprocate hourly almost. Which is the luckier man, he that can be happy in the smile of his wife, or he that must wait, wait, wait for the smile of fortune, and wait in vain perhaps?

In this world, there is nothing of such value as affection; and the most trifling expression of it, even though it be but a single word of endearment, is in the best ears a pleasanter sound than that of gold-pieces.

"The price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies," Solomon says. Were there allotted to any one a female figure of solid gold, as a companion for life, who is there but would beg that it might be of silver only, that it might speak; and then of an inferior metal still, if it might only feel; and, then, that it might be, like himself, of earth, might it only accompany him about? And yet, O human inconsistency! husbands be many of them heedless of home joys, as not being an increase of wealth.

Man is created to be a living soul, and not to be an alchemist; and the real want of his heart is sympathy, affection, love, and not the philosopher's stone. It would not be more unreasonable to transplant a favorite flower out of black earth into gold-dust, than it is for a person to let money-getting harden his heart into contempt, or into impatience of the little attentions, the merriments, and the caresses of domestic life.

Willingness is capacity for pleasure; and the gentle, softening nature of religion has an immediate tendency to produce it in the mind; and possessed of willingness our hearts would thrill, not only to rare and great events, like revolutions in society, or large gains in trade, but also to every breath of life, even from a child's lips, or in a neighbour's "good morrow."

Man will not endure to be happy according to nature; and hence not only the porter at the gate, but the sparrow on the palace-top, and the martin under the eaves, have all of them more pleasure than the prince has withinside.

Happiness is where the kingdom of heaven is, it is within us; and, again, like the kingdom of heaven, it is to "be found by seeking," and that to any extent; it is to be gained very much through contentment, peace, and willingness.

For the enjoyment of life, a man's mind ought to be open, pure from dissatisfaction, clear and fresh like a dew-drop, which, small globule as it is, does yet receive into and reflect from itself all the flowers around, and the trees with all their leaves, together with the blue firmament, the sun, and the clouds.

Happiness is like manna; it is to be gathered in grains, and enjoyed every day; it will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor have we to go out of ourselves, or into remote places, to gather it, since it is rained down from heaven at our very doors, or rather withinside them.

A series of little services are commonly more pleasure in the aggregate than a solitary act of considerable beneficence. A fortune of small gains, slowly but surely accumulating, undoubtedly affords incomparably a greater delight than sudden riches; and a wife's tender expressions, heard two or three times a day, amount at the end of the year to vastly more and sweeter happiness than election to some high office by the united suffrages of the whole parish.

Of earthly relations, those of husband and wife, parent and child, friend and neighbour, master and servant, constitute much the larger

portion of man's happiness; and are more important, any of them, than all others together. It is in the observance, the refinement, the strengthening, of these commonest, these greatest, these primal relations, that happiness is increased, and not in the inordinate accumulation of money, the acquisition of empty fame, or in luxurious indulgences.

Happiness is to be attained in the accustomed chair by the fireside, more than in the honorary occupation of civic office; in a wife's love, infinitely more than in the favor of all human beings else; in children's innocent and joyous prattle, more than in the hearing of flattery; in the reciprocation of little and frequent kindnesses between friend and friend, more than in some occasional and dearly-bought indulgence; in the virtue of contentment, more than in the anxious achievements of wealth, distinction, and grandeur; in change of heart, more than in change of circumstance; in full, firm trust in Providence, more than in hoping for fortune's favor; in a growing taste for the beauties of nature, more than in the fee-simple inheritance of whole acres of land; in the observance of neatness and regularity, household virtues, rather than in the means of ostentatious, and therefore rare, display; in a handmaiden's cheerfulness, more than in the improved tone of politics; and in the friendship of our next-door neighbour, more than in the condescending notice of my lord duke.

Happiness, then, must be sought for in simplicity, and not in costliness; in the perpetually recurring, more than in the rare; in abiding peace, rather than in temporary raptures; and next after the well of living water which springeth up into everlasting life, in no sources else so sedulously as in those fountains which are fed by the never-failing love of relatives and friends.

You twain are become one flesh; henceforth you have one fortune in the world, a community in good and evil; and in the world to come, whether or not you shall have joint inheritance of the same is greatly contingent on the conjoint character of your religious endeavours; which ought, indeed, to be now in resolution of twofold strength, in heavenly longing also of redoubled earnestness, and in virtuous achievement of twice as great success as hitherto, inasmuch as your religious helps and responsibilities are by your union together in Christ so exceedingly magnified.

Under the old dispensation, it was commanded believers to write the law of God upon the door-posts of their houses; but the new dispensation, which is not so much a body of precepts as it is instruction in the Spirit, will have Christian houses always and altogether, as though the Church of God were at them. Strive, by your reading of Christ's covenant, and by solemn thought thereon, to fill yourselves and household with that cheerful, gentle, heaven-aspiring spirit diffused by Christ's presence through every house which he visited, whether Zaccheus the publican's, or that of Lazarus at Bethany. Suffer not worldly-mindedness to darken your eyes to the spiritual glories of a Christian home, for there is a joy therein, the loss of which is not to be compensated by the sight of costly and luxurious ornament.

O, think not meanly of the lowliest home, for on this side of the wall of the city of God there is, or ought to be, no holier place. God himself is therein; human souls are therein; the records of Christ's covenant are producible therein; there is worship therein; in each human being that dwells within it there is going on in his breast that most mysterious, world-old, most momentous struggle between good and

evil, sin and virtue, with their consequents, sorrow and bliss; and, finally, in its chambers deaths, one after another, must occur, — mortality's solemn dismissals of its subjects unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible.

O, judge not meanly of the spiritual capacities of domestic life! The concentrated knowledge of whole libraries, of doctors most famous, of theologians most acute, of philosophers most accomplished, and of historians the most erudite, the results of a whole life of painful study among books, and of diligent inquiry with the learned, invaluable as they are in themselves, and most essential to the well-being of society, are yet not to be compared with the insight into human nature, its spiritual laws, exposure, wants, and satisfactions, - with the moral habitudes, the thoughtfulness, the selfpossession, the sweet and even temper, and the familiarity in applying principles to emergent uses, — with the readiness of sympathy, and the tenderness of feeling, - of which home is the proper school, and in which domestic duties discharged in the fear of God are, if not the exclusive, yet by much the most efficient instruction.

Books and solitude have their uses, and for

the earnest aspirant after spiritual perfection they are altogether indispensable; but they are not the only, nor yet the chief, means of the soul's growth in grace, which is advanced by thorough acquaintance with the woes and the wants, the wishes and the workings, of one human soul far more efficiently than by a diligent perusal of a hundred folios. Such effect as is produced by even an uninstructed woman's speaking out of the fulness of her heart could, for spiritual profit, be less dispensed with than a professor's lecture, deduced from the wisdom of the ancients. Knowledge shall vanish away, but charitable feeling never faileth.

The discharge of duty to one another is not only exemption from the sin of omitting it; it is also growing strength, and it is self-knowledge. There is no one duty, but the earnest, — not the careless and formal, or only customary, — the really earnest performance thereof thrills the mind with a consciousness of power, which is itself an increase of strength; but quickens into activity the disinterested feeling, and throws up from the soul's depths, as it were, into our notice, truths which, for their beauty and worth, it surprises us should ever have occurred to our minds. Out of the heart are the issues of life.

Books are but like broken cisterns of knowledge compared with that purer wisdom which is the spontaneous efflux of the soul, when pervaded by a strong, devout desire to discharge righteously any one out of our manifold human duties.

It is out of the bosom of our earthly families that we are born into God's great family of heaven.

My brother! remember thou, not only that the man is the head of the woman in authority, but, also, that thou art for thy wife the excellency of human nature, her all, — all that shall ever be hers of that fondness, that heroism, that unsuspecting confidence, that noble manner of thinking, so dear to woman; and of which virtues she has this day been believingly married to thyself as the archetype.

My sister! remember thou that of thy husband thou art his whole possession in the delicacy and tenderness of womankind, — his all of female worth. Remember that in gentle endurance thou art for him his Griseldis; in trustworthiness, his Lucretia; in humble beneficence, his Dorcas; his Penelope in faithfulness; his Laura in loveliness of character; and in self-sacrificing love his Alcestis.

By thought, prayer, and effort, strive, then, to maintain your undiminished height in one another's esteem; and strive you must, since even the love of God can be sustained by endeavour only.

Finally, the observations which have been made on marriage and its moral uses, and concerning happiness and the means of its attainment, I pray you to accept. And I pray, God also bless you both. Amen!

W. MOUNTFORD.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB.

Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clear and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints. And he saith unto me, Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage-supper of the Lamb. And he saith unto me, These are the true sayings of God.

Revelation.

LOVE.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own? Who hath not paused, while beauty's pensive eye Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh? Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame, The power of grace, the magic of a name?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;
There be, whose loveless wisdom never failed,
In self-adoring pride securely mailed:—
But triumph not, ye peace-enamoured few;
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you;
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture uttered vows, and wept between;
'T is yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet.

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy.
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the hope that plighted home endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O, what were man? — a world without a sun.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower;
In vain the viewless seraph, lingering there,
At starry midnight charmed the silent air;
In vain the wild bird carolled on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aerial notes in mingling measure played,—
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed,— till woman smiled.

Campbell.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

WHITHER thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

RUTH.

THE WISH.

O, could I one dear being find,
And were her fate to mine but joined
By Hymen's silken tie,
To her myself, my all, I'd give,
For her alone delighted live,
For her consent to die.

Together should our prayers ascend,
Together humbly would we bend,
To praise the Almighty's name;
And when I saw her kindling eye
Beam upward to her native sky,
My soul should catch the flame.

Thus, nothing should our hearts divide,
But on our years serenely glide,
And all to love be given;
And, when life's little scene was o'er,
We 'd part to meet and part no more,
But live and love in heaven.

FRISBIE.

INFLUENCE OF MARRIAGE.

Habit and long life together are more necessary to happiness, and even to love, than is generally imagined. No one is happy with the object of his attachment until he has passed many days, and, above all, many days of misfortune, with her. The married pair must know each other to the bottom of their souls, - the mysterious veil which covered the two spouses in the primitive church must be raised in its inmost folds, how closely soever it may be kept drawn to the rest of the world. What! on account of a fit of caprice, or burst of passion, am I to be exposed to the fear of losing my wife and my children, and to renounce the hope of passing my declining days with them? Let no one imagine that fear will make me become a better husband. No; we do not attach ourselves to a possession of which we are not secure; we do not love property which we are in danger of losing.

The soul of a man, as well as his body, is incomplete without his wife; he has strength, she has beauty; he combats the enemy, and labors in the fields, but he understands nothing of domestic life; his companion is waiting to prepare his repast and sweeten his existence. He has crosses, and the partner of his couch is there to soften them; his days may be sad and troubled, but in the chaste arms of his wife he finds comfort and repose. Without woman, man would be rude, gross, and solitary. Woman spreads around him the flowers of existence, as the creepers of the forests, which decorate the trunks of sturdy oaks with their perfumed garlands. Finally, the Christian pair live and die united; together they rear the fruits of their union; in the dust they lie side by side; and they are reunited beyond the limits of the tomb.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

THIS WORLD.

Let 's take this world as some wide scene,
Through which, in frail but buoyant boat,
With skies now dark and now serene,
Together thou and I must float,
Beholding oft, on either shore,
Bright spots where we should love to stay;
But Time plies swift his flying oar,
And on we speed, far, far away.

Should chilling winds and rains come on,
We 'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower,
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
And, smiling, wait a sunnier hour.
And if that sunnier hour should shine,
We 'll know its brightness cannot stay,
But, happy while 't is thine and mine,
Complain not when it fades away.

So reach we both, at last, that fall,

Down which life's currents all must go;
The dark, the brilliant, destined all

To sink into the void below.

Nor even that hour shall want its charms,

If, side by side, still fond we keep,

And calmly, in each other's arms

Together linked, go down the steep.

Thomas Moore.

GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

You have promised that through life
We shall journey, heart-united,
Husband fond, and faithful wife,
And I trust the vow thus plighted;
Hand in hand, and side by side,
Through life's storms and sunny weather,
We will our one fortune bide,
And at last grow old together.

What if Time's unsparing wing
Of some pleasure has bereft us?
Let us not by murmuring
Lose the many that are left us.
What though youth and bloom depart,
Swift as birds of lightest feather?
Why repine with feeble heart?
Shall we not grow old together?

Yet enough our hearts to bind, love,
And to show how many tears
In life's brightest cup we find, love;
Since, in our united youth,
We twain sported on the heather,
Dearest, it is meet, in truth,
That we should grow old together.
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

RELIGION AT HOME.

O you who are at the head of families, husbands and wives, you who intrust each other with your closest secrets and your most important interests, let God be admitted to share your mutual confidence. Where there is no communication of religious sentiment and affection, believe me, the richest spring of social and domestic bliss is unopened and untasted. The subject of religion is one on which the female mind feels, more, perhaps, than on almost any other, a need of the most perfect confidence, in order to develop and keep alive its feelings. The perplexed and doubting spirit loves to find a breast where it can deposit them without fear or shame; and would to God, that, next to Him, you might always find that confidant at home! Husbands and wives, let not this be the only subject on which you are ignorant of each other's meditations, or destitute of each other's confidence. Venture to disdain the false

maxims and tyranny of the world, and try what religion will add to your domestic felicity.

J. S. BUCKMINSTER.

THE GREATEST CURSE OF HOME.

When writers wish to exhibit the climax of human misery, they introduce us to a drunkard's family. And truly, if there be any suffering absolutely without alleviation from any human power, — any degradation below the brutes, — we are presented with it in the drunkard's wife and children. Yet probably more than fifty thousand families in our country are in a condition approximating to this.

PRESIDENT HITCHCOCK.

FEMALE FAITH.

She loved you when the sunny light
Of bliss was on your brow;
That bliss has sunk in sorrow's night,
And yet she loves you now.

She loved you when your joyous tone
Taught every heart to thrill;
The sweetness of that tongue is gone,
And yet she loves you still.

She loved you when you proudly stepped
The gayest of the gay;
That pride the blight of time hath swept,
Unlike her love, away.

She loved you when your home and heart
Of fortune's smile could boast;
She saw that smile decay, — depart, —
And then she loved you most.

O, such the generous faith that glowsIn woman's gentle breast;'T is like that star that stays and glowsAlone in night's dark vest;

That stays because each other ray
Has left the lonely shore,
And that the wanderer on his way
Then wants her light the more.

L. E. LANDON.

A RE-MARRIAGE.

A RE-MARRIAGE took place at Cincinnati lately. An aged couple, — Germans, — who had lived man and wife fifty years, in happy peace and quiet, without a jar or connubial contention, rode to town from Lick Run, Mill Creek township, dressed in bridal garments. The gay old couple were preceded in their bridal march by a band of merry music, and the whole train drove up to the door of the justice of the peace, where the marriage ceremony was performed. This, with the Germans, is called "golden wedding," and is frequently practised when man and wife have held a matrimonial connection of fifty years.

SENECA COUNTY COURIER.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

BE kind to each other!

The night's coming on,

When friend and when brother

Perchance may be gone;

Then, 'midst our dejection,

How sweet to have earned

The blest recollection

Of kindness—returned!

When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loves sleeps,
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy reprove,—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love!

Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling.
O, be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.

C. SWAIN.

"AS BEING HEIRS TOGETHER OF THE GRACE OF LIFE."

This is that which most strongly binds all these duties on the hearts of husbands and wives; and most strongly, indeed, binds their hearts together, and makes them one. If each be reconciled unto God in Christ, and so heirs of life and one with God, then are they truly one in God, each with other; and that is the surest and sweetest union that can be. Natural love hath risen very high in some husbands and wives; but the highest of it falls very short of that which holds in God. Hearts concentrating in him are most excellently one. That love which is cemented by youth and beauty, when these moulder and decay, as soon they do, it fades too.

That is somewhat purer, and so more lasting, that holds in a natural and moral harmony of minds; yet these likewise may alter and change by some great accident. But the most refined, most spiritual, and most indissoluble is

that which is knit with the highest and purest spirit. An ignorance or disregard of this is the true cause of so much bitterness, or so little true sweetness, in the life of most married persons, because God is left out, because they meet not as one in Him.

LEIGHTON.

MEEKNESS AND LOWLINESS OF HEART.

There is no true and constant gentleness without humility; while we are so fond of ourselves, we are easily offended with others. Let us be persuaded that nothing is due to us, and then nothing will disturb us. Let us often think of our own infirmities, and we shall become indulgent towards those of others. Let us apply to our hearts these sublime and touching words of the Son of God:—"Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart."

FENELON.

ON A VERY OLD WEDDING RING.

I LIKE that ring, that ancient ring, Of massy form, and virgin gold, As firm, as free from base alloy, As were the sterling hearts of old. I like it, for it wafts me back Far, far along the stream of time, To other men, and other days, The men and days of deeds sublime. But most I like it, as it tells The tale of well-requited love; How youthful fondness persevered And youthful faith disdained to rove, -How warmly he his suit preferred, Though slie, unpitying, long denied, Till, softened and subdued, at last, He won his fair and blooming bride, -How, till the appointed day arrived, They blamed the lazy-footed hours, -How then the white-robed maiden train Strewed their glad way with freshest flowers,— And how, before the holy man, They stood in all their youthful pride, And spoke those words, and vowed those vows, Which bind the husband to his bride.

All this it tells; — the plighted troth,

The gift of every earthly thing,

The hand in hand, the heart in heart, —

For this I like that ancient ring.

For this I like that ancient ring. I like its old and quaint device;

Two blended hearts, though time may wear them,

No mortal change, no mortal chance,

"Till death" shall e'er in sunder tear them.

Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,

Their hopes in heaven, their trust in God,

In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,

These two the world's rough pathways trod.

Age might impair their youthful fires,

Their strength might fail 'mid life's black weather,

Still, hand in hand, they travelled on; —

Kind souls! they slumber now together.

I like its simple posy too,

"Mine own dear love, this heart is thine,"

Thine when the dark storm howls along,

As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.

"This heart is thine, mine own dear love!

Thine, and thine only, and for ever;

Thine till the springs of life shall fail,

Thine till the chords of life shall sever.

Remnant of days departed long,

Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,

Pledge of devoted faithfulness,

Of heartfelt, holy love, the token, -

What varied feelings round it cling!

For these I like that ancient ring.

G. W. DOANE.

FAMILY LOVE.

THE spirit of family is the second soul of humanity. Modern legislators have too much forgotten this. They think only of nations and individuals. They omit the family, that only source of a pure and healthy population,—the sanctuary of traditions and manners, in which all the social virtues acquire fresh vigor. Legislation, even since the introduction of Christianity, has been barbarous in this respect. It repulses man from the spirit of family, instead of encouraging it in him. It interdicts, to one half of mankind, wife, child, the possession of a home or a field. It owes these blessings to all as soon as they arrive at manhood. It ought to have interdicted them only to culprits. A family is society in miniature; but it is that society in which the laws are natural, because they are sentiments. To interdict a man from the possession of family comforts should have been the greatest reprobation, the last punishment, of the law. LAMARTINE.

IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

They sin who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity:
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth.

But love is indestructible;
Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed.

It here is tried and purified,
Then has in heaven its perfect rest;
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.

Southey.

FAMILY MEETING.

In the summer of this year, his domestic affections, always of the most tender character, and embracing not merely those who surrounded his own fireside, but all the members of that wide circle with which he was connected by the ties of kindred, were highly gratified by the accomplishment of a plan, which he had much at heart, for assembling them in a family meeting, to be held at his father's house in Cambridge. It took place on the 20th of August, 1835. Four daughters with their husbands; three sons with their wives; three unmarried daughters, and three unmarried sons, with twenty-seven grandchildren, assembled and spent the day together.

* * * * *

Amounting, with a few other relatives, to fifty-two in number, they dined together in one room; of all ages, from the old man of seventy-one, to the infant a few months old. After

dinner, the present of a comfortable arm-chair was made to each of the parents of this group, by the whole company, and the remainder of the day and evening were spent in amusements and recreations suited to the various tastes of the party. It was remarkable, that, of so numerous a family, the members of which were widely scattered, and of such various ages, not one was absent.

* * * * *

These lines were composed by him [Henry Ware, Jr.], to be sung after dinner.

- "' Children's children are the crown of old men, And the glory of children are their fathers."
- "In this glad hour, when children meet,
 And home with them their children bring,
 Our hearts with one affection beat,
 One song of praise our voices sing.
- "For all the faithful, loved, and dear,
 Whom thou so kindly, Lord, hast given;
 For those who still are with us here,
 And those who wait for us in heaven;
- "For every past and present joy;
 For honor, competence, and health;
 For hopes that time may not destroy,
 Our souls' imperishable wealth; --

"For all accept our humble praise;
Still bless us, Father, by thy love;
And, when are closed our mortal days,
Unite us in one home above."

I must add, that to no one, among all those who were gathered together, was this an occasion of more deep and heartfelt delight, than to the venerable head of the household, then in his seventy-second year, in the midst of a vigorous old age, his body unimpaired, his mind unclouded, and, above all, his heart warming, as it ever had done, to all the charities of life, and yielding as readily to all the holy and tender sympathies of our nature. It was no common satisfaction to see flocking around him so many descendants, all prosperous in their lives, respectable in their characters, and happy in their families; two sons, and three husbands of his daughters, engaged heartily, honorably, and usefully in the same work to which his many years had been devoted (the Christian ministry), to which he had led them, and for which he had helped to prepare them; all looking to him as one to whom they owed much, under Providence, of whatever was worthy and valuable in their lives. It was an occasion which none who were engaged in it can ever forget;

and it left a lasting impression upon all their minds, of the good and happy influence upon life which may be made to flow from the maintenance and cultivation of the domestic affections.

DR. JOHN WARE.*

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

That they may teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient unto their own husbands, that the word of God be not blasphemed. Young men likewise exhort to be sober-minded.

ST. PAUL.

^{*} From his Memoir of his Brother, Henry Ware, Jr.

DOMESTIC LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
.... What is the world to them,

Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all?
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face;
Truth, goodness, honor, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charms,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.

.... The seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garlands on their heads:
Fill evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,

Enamoured more as more remembrance swells With many a proof of recollected love, Together down they sink in social sleep; Together freed, their gentle spirits fly To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

THOMSON.

A TESTIMONY.

I have observed, that a married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed by domestic endearments, and self-respect kept alive by finding that, although all abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is a monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fall to ruins, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

A GOOD WIFE.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH thus beautifully describes, in a letter to a friend, the character of his deceased wife. It contains one of the most interesting exhibitions of female excellence, and the power of female influence, we have ever met with. If there were more such wives, there would be less domestic sorrow.

"Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent monitress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life she pre-

served order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments!) she had no sullenness nor acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, and after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast to each. other, - when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor, - I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth and the partner of my misfortunes,) at a moment when I had a prospect of her sharing my better days.

"The philosophy which I have learnt only teaches me that virtue and friendship are the greatest of human blessings, and that their loss is irreparable. It aggravates my calamity, instead of consoling me under it. My wounded heart seeks another consolation. Governed by these feelings, which have in every age and region of the world actuated the human mind, I seek relief, and I find it, in the soothing hope and consolatory opinion, that a benevolent wisdom inflicts the chastisement, as well as bestows the enjoyment, of human life; that superintending goodness will one day enlighten the darkness which surrounds our nature and hangs over our prospects; that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man; that an animal so sagacious and provident, and capable of such proficiency in science and virtue, is not like the beasts that perish; that there is a dwelling-place prepared for the spirits of the just; and that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man. The sentiments of religion, which were implanted in my mind in my early youth, and which were revived by the awful scenes which I have seen passing before my eyes in the world, are, I trust, deeply rooted in my heart by this great calamity."

HOME SORROWS.

THERE is no spot, or high or low,
Which darkness visits not at times;
No shelter from the reach of woe,
In farthest lands or fairest climes.

The tempests shake the stoutest tree,
And every floweret droops in turn:
To mourn is nature's destiny,
And all that live must live to mourn.

No home so happy, but that pain,
And grief, and eare, the doors will press,
When love's most anxious thoughts are vain,
More anxious from their helplessness.

And yet, if aught ean soften grief,
'T is home's sweet influence; — if there be
Relief from sorrow, that relief
Springs from domestic sympathy.

The home that virtue hallows flings
Another bliss o'er blessedness;
And e'en to sorrow's ehildren brings,
Or peace to calm, or hope to bless.

Bowring.

THE WIFE OF HIS YOUTH.

AND what object can be so dear to a man as the wife of his youth? as she who first drew into one mighty and exquisite feeling all the sympathies of his heart? as she with whom he passed the delightful season of virtuous courtship? as she who inspired him with all the liveliness and enjoyment of hope? as she who first made him sensible of all the endearments of domestic bliss? as she who so often leaned on his arm in his walks to the house of God, and in the journey of life?

And should infirmities more suddenly or more slowly begin to appear, then is the time for evincing and displaying a more grateful and unselfish affection. Has she not always been thy ministering spirit? Has not thy happiness been dearer to her than her own? O, then follow a divine example,—'I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown.' Jay.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty 4 day, John,
We 've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

BURNS.

¹ Brent, smooth.

³ Pow, the head.

² Beld, bald.

⁴ Canty, cheerful, merry.

THE GOLDEN MARRIAGE.

THERE is now much to be done in preparation for the Golden Marriage. That will be a great, a charming day, Fanny! Think only of the happy and virtuous united life of half a century!

There will be a great multitude of people assembled at the Dahls' on the eve of the great day; and this is as it should be. This marriage must be as publicly and ceremoniously celebrated, as a first marriage should be conducted quietly and modestly. Then people go on board to sail over a sea where winds and waves are often stormy; but here, on the contrary, in the Golden Marriage, they have completed their voyage; they have reached the haven, and can calmly hoist the flag of victory.

If you wish to learn the true value of mar-

for two human hearts, and for life, then observe not the wedded ones in their honey-moon, nor by the cradle of their first child; not at a time when novelty and hope yet throw a morning glory over the young and new-born world of home; but survey them rather in the more remote years of manhood, when they have proved the world and each other, when they have conquered many an error and many a temptation, in order to become only the more united to each other; when labors and cares are theirs; when, under the burden of the day, as well as in hours of repose, they support one another, and find that they are sufficient for each other. Or, survey them still further in life; see them arrived at that period when the world, with all its changes and agitations, rolls far away from them; when every object around them becomes ever dimmer to them; when their house is still, when they are solitary, but yet stand there hand in hand, and each reads in the other's eyes only love; when they, with the same memories and the same hopes, stand on the boundaries of another life, into which they are prepared to enter, of all the desires of this being retaining only the one that they may die on the same day, -yes, then behold them! And, on that account, turn now to the patriarchs and the Golden Marriage.

* * * * *

The aged pair sat in the anteroom, clad in festal garb, each in an easy-chair. Two snuff-boxes, a hymn-book, and a large nosegay of fresh flowers, lay on the table. The sun shone in through snow-white curtains. It was cheerful and peaceful in the room, and the patriarch appeared in the sunny light as if surrounded by a glory.

* * * * *

The two old people smiled, and reached each other a hand. There arose a great commotion in the hall. It was the troup of children, and children's children, who all, in holiday garb, and with joyous looks, streamed in to bring their wishes of happiness to their venerable parents. It was charming to see these groups of lovely children cling round the old people, like young saplings round the aged stems. It was charming to see the little rosy mouths turned up to kiss, the little arms stretching to embrace them, and to hear the clamor of loving words and exulting voices.

* * * *

By eight o'clock all the guests were assem-

They had drank tea, eaten ice, and so on, and now fell at once a great silence. The two old people seated themselves in two easy-chairs, which stood near each other in the middle of the saloon on a richly embroidered mat. Their children and children's children gathered in a half-circle round them. A clergyman of noble presence stepped forward, and pronounced an oration on the beauty and holiness of marriage. He concluded with a reference to the life of the venerable pair; which was a better sermon on the excellence of marriage, for life, and for the human heart, than his speech itself. What he said was true and touching. There was not a dry eye in the whole company. A solemn and affectionate mood had affected all, and there prevailed a deep silence through the numerous assembly, but it was not that of weariness.

FREDERICA BREMER.

THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance,
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;

Giving her vain excursions o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

No borrowed joys! they 're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For if our stock be very small,
'T is prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given,—
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to Heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Its checkered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead;

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

COTTON.

WOMAN.

The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free; For she that out of Lethe scales with man The shining steps of nature, shares with man His nights, his days, moves with him to the goal, Stays all the young fair planet in her hands,—If she be small, slight-natured, miserable, How shall men grow?

For woman is not undeveloped man, But diverse; could we make her as the man, Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this, Not like to like, but like in difference: Yet in the long years liker must they grow; The man be more of weman, she of man: He gain in sweetness and in moral height, Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world; She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care; More as the double-natured poet each: Till at the last she set herself to man, Like perfect music unto noble words; And so these twain upon the skirts of time Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers, Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be, Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,

Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love;
Then comes the statelier Eden back to man:
Then reigns the world's great bridal, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.
Tennyson.

LOVE THE BOND OF SOCIETY.

Love is the great instrument and engine of nature, the bond and cement of society, the spring and spirit of the universe. It is of that active, restless nature, that it must of necessity exert itself; and like the fire to which it is so often compared, it is not a free agent to choose whether it will heat or no, but it streams forth by natural results and unavoidable emanations, so that it will fasten upon an inferior, unsuitable object, rather than none at all. The soul may sooner leave off to subsist, than cease to love; and, like the vine, it withers and dies if it has nothing to embrace.

Dr. South.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

THE venerable Dr. Chapin of Connecticut, now in his eighty-sixth year, thus responds to a consolatory letter on the recent death of his wife: - "My worldly loss is perfect. Of the million good wives in the world, not one, I feel sure, is better than she was, whom the Lord gave me fifty-three years; affectionate, faithful, confidential, conscientious, guileless, discreet, making my home to me always the pleasantest spot in the world, - just such a wife as a pastoral minister needs and should have. For the loss of such an associate, things secular and perishing have no compensation to offer. Consolation, therefore, is of course out of the question. But in Christ there is enough; his precious promises may be realized and enjoyed in their blessed fulfilment: 'I will never leave you'; - 'Lo! I am with you always'; - 'Peace I leave with you." His gracious presence thus more than fills the place made dreary by worldly solitude. Here, as the Christian knows, here is the true, the abiding, the rich consolation. Very soon, too, will the aged disciple meet the dear deceased, where the happiest connection will be dissolved no more. Comforted must be the soul that can honestly say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

NEW YORK EVANGELIST.

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

The bad make the social world they live in. So also do the good. To the gentle, how many will be gentle! to the kind, how many will be kind! How many does a lovely example win to goodness! How many does meekness subdue to a like temper, when they come into its presence! How many does sanctity purify! How many does it command to put away all earthly defilements, when they step upon its holy ground! The corrupt mind elicits what is bad; and the pure mind brings out what is good.

Dewey.

THE MAIDEN AND THE WIFE.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodland to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

R. W. EMERSON

BAD HABITS.

No lady wishes her parlour fumigated with the smoke of tobacco, or the exhalations of alcohol; nor her eyes disgusted with a vest or cravat soiled by snuff, or the drivellings of tobacco; nor her ears saluted by a voice stifled with snuff, or garrulous with the silly talk and indelicate innuendos of alcohol.

PRESIDENT HITCHCOCK.

SHE'S STILL THE SAME TO ME.

O, CHIDE me not for weeping,—
She's still the same to me,
Though she has long been sleeping
Beneath the willow-tree.
That name, so lightly spoken,
Falls sadly on my ear;
Deem not that death hath broken
A spell so strong, so dear.

Say not, she early perished,
As flowers in autumn die;
Say not, the form I cherished
Dwells where her ashes lie.
Now comes she near and nearer!
Welcome, my spirit bride!
Methinks she should be dearer
Than erst before she died.
F. C. Woodworth.

REUNION IN HEAVEN.

How short is the earthly history of a family! A few years, and those who are now embraced in a family circle will be scattered. The children, now the objects of tender solicitude, will have grown up and gone forth to their respective stations in the world. A few years more, and children and parents will have passed from this carthly stage. Their name will be no longer heard in their present dwelling. Their domestic loves and anxieties, happiness and sorrows, will be a lost and forgotten history. Every heart in which it was written will be mouldering in the dust. And is this all? Is this the whole satisfaction which is provided for some of the strongest feelings of our hearts? If it be, how shall we dare pour forth our affections on objects so fleeting? How can such transitory beings, with whom our connection is so brief, engage all the love we are capable of feeling? Why should not our feelings toward them be as feeble and unsatisfying as they? But, blessed be God! this is not all. Of this he has given us perfect assurance in the Gospel of his Son. Though to the eye of unenlightened nature the ties of domestic love seem scattered into dust, the spiritual eye of faith perceives that they have been loosened on earth, only to be resumed, under far happier circumstances, in the regions of everlasting love and bliss. Though the history of a family may seem to be forgotten, when the last member of it is laid in the grave, the memory of it still lives in immortal souls, and when the circle is wholly dissolved on earth, it is again completed in heaven.

CAZNEAU PALFREY.

THE END.



